

JEWS IN ENGLISH FICTION.

2765

THE LIVING AGE.

FOUNDED BY
E. LITTELL
IN 1844.

JULY 3, 1880.
THE LIVING AGE,
13 1-2 Bromfield St.,
BOSTON.

THE
CONTEMPORARY
REVIEW

THE
FORTNIGHTLY
REVIEW

MACMILLAN'S
MAGAZINE

BLACKWOOD'S
MAGAZINE

THE
CHURCH QUARTERLY REVIEW

THE
NATIONAL
REVIEW

THE IMPERIAL

ASIATIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

THE
SCOTTISH REVIEW

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW

THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW

THE
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY

LONGMAN'S
MAGAZINE

The
Gentleman's Magazine

THE JEWISH MESSENGER

(FOUNDED 1857.)

A Representative Organ of
American Judaism and
American Culture.



**PROGRESSIVE
HELPFUL
VARIED
KINDLY**

Terms, \$3.00 per Year.

2 West 14th St., New York

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE.

Founded by Prof. Silliman in 1818.

Devoted to Chemistry, Physics, Geology,
Physical Geography, Mineralogy,
Natural History, Astronomy
and Meteorology.

Editor: EDWARD S. DANA.

Associate Editors:

GEORGE L. GOODALE, JOHN TROWBRIDGE, H. P.
BOWDITCH and W. G. FARLOW, of Cambridge;
O. C. MARSH, A. E. VERRILL and H. S. WIL-
LIAMS, of Yale; G. F. BARKER, of the University
of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia; H. A. ROWLAND,
of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.;
I. S. DILLER, of U. S. Geol. Survey, Washington.

Two volumes of 480 pages each, published an-
nually in **MONTHLY NUMBERS**.

This Journal ended its *first* series of 50 volumes
as a quarterly in 1845, and its *second* series of
50 volumes as a two-monthly in 1870. The *third*
series of monthly numbers ended in 1895. A
fourth series commenced with January, 1896.

Subscription price, \$6.00. 50 cents a number.
A few sets on sale of the first, second and third
series.

Ten volume index numbers on hand for the sec-
ond and third series. An index to volume XL1
to L (third series) was issued in January, 1896;
price, 75 cts.

Address,

The American Journal of Science,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Amateurs in Genealogy needing the services of a
skilled Genealogist are invited to address Mr.
EBEN PUTNAM, Danvers, Mass., who conducts
investigations in Old or New England.

Putnam's Monthly Historical Magazine

Devoted to Genealogy, and kindred topics.
Published at Salem. \$2.00 per annum.

Sample Copy 10 cents.

"ANCESTRAL CHARTS"

For recording the names of any number of gen-
erations of ancestors, and facts of
interest about them.

The most useful of all such publications, \$1.50.

Do not confound with any other similarly
named publication.

Address **EBEN PUTNAM,**

Genealogist, and Publisher of Geneal-
ogical and Historical Works,

SALEM, MASS.

Letters of inquiry sent to Danvers P. O.
and containing return postage will be promptly
noticed.



SUBURBAN AND COUNTRY HOMES.

Perhaps the most costly and valuable
book on this subject ever issued. It is
designed for intending builders, contains
TWO HUNDRED LARGE PAGES,
size 11 x 14 inches; is replete with de-
scriptions, and includes many hundred
illustrations of

**Exterior Designs and Interior
Decorations.**

PRICE, Express Prepaid, \$2.00.

A. L. CHATTERTON & CO.,
133 William St., New York.



THE LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series, }
Volume XV.

No. 2765—July 3, 1897.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CCXIV.

CONTENTS.

I. JEWS IN ENGLISH FICTION, . . .	<i>London Quarterly Review</i> , . . .	3
II. IN KEDAR'S TENTS. By Henry Seton Merriman. Chaps. XXVII. and XXVIII.		13
III. MR. JOWETT AND OXFORD LIBERAL- ISM,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . .	21
IV. A LAND OF DERELICTS. By K. A. Patmore,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	30
V. WOLD JIMMY AND ZAIREY. By Orme Agnus,	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	37
VI. PHILOMELE,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , . . .	41
VII. THE ANCIENT WAY: A TRIVIAL TOPIC. By John Hawkwood,	<i>Belgravia</i> ,	51
VIII. CUCKOO: AN ENGLISH IDYLL. By F. A. Fulcher,	<i>Leisure Hour</i> ,	56
IX. ANGLO-SAXON MUSIC,	<i>Westminster Review</i> , . . .	60
X. THE SPEECH OF CHILDREN,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	62

POETRY.

THE LAVENDER WOMAN—A MAR- KET SONG,	2	SONNET,	2
		AT DAWN,	2

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

THE LAVENDER WOMAN—A MARKET SONG.

Crooked, like the bough the March wind
bends wallward across the sleet,
Stands she at her blackened stall in the
loud market street;
All about her in the sun, full-topped, ex-
ceeding sweet,
Lie bundles of grey lavender, a-shrivel in
the heat.

What the Vision that is mine, coming over
and o'er?
'Tis the Dorset levels, aye, behind me and
before:
Creeks that slip without a sound from
flaggy shore to shore;
Orchards gnarled with springtimes and as
gust-bound as of yore.

Oh, the panes at sunset burning rich-red
as the rose!
Oh, colonial chimneys that the punctual
swallow knows!
Land where like a memory the salt scent
stays or goes,
Where wealthy is the reaper and right
glad is he that sows!

Drips and drips the last June rain, but
towards the evenfall
Copper gleam the little pools behind the
pear-trees tall:
In a whirl of violet, and the fairest thing
of all,
The lavender, the lavender sways by the
sagging wall.

Oh, my heart, why should you break at
any thoughts like these?
So sooth are they of the old time that they
should bring you ease;
Of Hester in the lavender and out among
the bees,
Clipping the long stalks one by one under
the Dorset trees.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

SONNET.

It seems to me that somewhere in my
soul
There lies a secret self as yet asleep;
No stranger hath disturbed its slumbers
deep—
No friend dispersed the clouds that round
it roll.
But it is written on my fortune's scroll

That should some hand the chords of
being sweep
To strike a certain sound, this self
would leap
To fullest life, and be awake and whole.
And I am conscious—how, I cannot say—
That thou art able, shouldst thou deem
it fit,
To sound the note that wakes to weal
or woe:
But dost thou ask me if I bid thee play
The magic strain, or shield my soul from
it—
I dare not tell thee, for I do not know.
ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.
Speaker.

AT DAWN.

I cannot echo the old wish to die at morn
As darkness strays,
We have been glad together greeting some
new-born
And radiant rays;
The earth would hold me; every-day, fa-
miliar things
Would weight me fast,
The stir, the touch of morn, the bird that
on swift wings
Goes flitting past.
Some flower would lift to me its tender
dew-wet face,
And send its breath
To whisper of the earth, its beauty and its
grace,
And combat death,
It would be light and I should see in thy
dear eyes
The sorrow grow,
Love, could I lift my own undimmed to
Paradise
And leave thee so?

A thousand bands would hold me down
to this low sphere
When thou didst grieve;
Ah, should Death come upon morn's rosy
breast, I fear
I'd crave reprieve!
But when, her gold all spent, the sad day
takes her flight,
When shadows creep,
Then, with my lips on thine to whisper,
"Love, Good-night,"
And fall asleep

JEAN BLEWETT.

From The London Quarterly Review.
 JEWS IN ENGLISH FICTION.¹

Of late years it has been a commonplace of conversation with Englishmen to speak with extremest reprobation of German "Judenhetze" and Russian Anti-Semite ferocity, and to denounce the irritating insults, the oppressions, the plunderings, the wholesale deportations of an industrious unhappy people, in which the fanatic dislike to an alien and obstinate race has expressed itself; while the speakers have rarely failed to dwell complacently on British exemption from these offences against justice and mercy. Yet there was a time when anti-Jewish prejudices, bitter as those of Russ or German, harbored in English breasts, and expressed themselves in insults as unfeeling, and deeds as cruel. Very slowly were those prejudices modified, while the English nation, coming itself into fuller light of liberty, was won first to endure the presence of the Hebrew alien, and then to admit him, though with much hesitation, to share in the rights of citizenship.

After this it could hardly be denied, by men of liberal culture, that he was responsive to kindlier usage, and showed himself a human creature, and no enemy of mankind, one of a race distinguished by its own excellences as well as by marked defects. Yet, even thus, the extraordinary mingling in him of the base and the noble has earned for him more than his full share of disfavor in the land of his adoption, and his persistent separation has worked to render it hard for either friend or enemy to appraise him quite justly; one outsider has despised him, another has praised him highly; the estimate of both, it may be, has been erroneous. Perhaps it is only to-day, when some children of Israel have themselves taken the pen and written true words of their people, that the English Jew is begin-

ning to be rightly understood by his neighbor, the English Gentle. Is it not worth our while to note under what varying aspects, and with what near or remote approach to truth, English imaginative writers have portrayed him, in this age, and in others more remote? A few typical examples may suffice us to judge what has been our advance in intelligent toleration, and what may be hoped for Israel from the freer contact with the outer world.

Our earliest great poet and earliest great master of fiction, Geoffrey Chaucer, shall lead us first into his pleasant world of Fantasy—a broad, gay, rich landscape in the promise of springtime, bathed in the warm light of unclouded sunrise; not even the earthly, gross, grotesque figures that mingle in it with more gracious shapes can do away with its special charm of "May-time and the cheerful dawn." Yet if we look more closely into the rejoicing scene, we shall find on its sunny verdure one blot of sooty blackness; it is where, in "The Prioress's Tale," the figure of the "cursed Jew" is brought forward as a mark, not of sportive mockery, but of hatred too deadly to be blent with derision. The story of the little child who roused murderous hate in the inmates of "a Jewerie" by carolling loud and clear his new-learned hymn, "O alma Redemptoris mater!" as day by day he passed their doors on his way to school, stands grim and dark among the "Canterbury Tales," a witness to the banned existence of the Jew in mediæval England, as elsewhere in Europe, and to the fierce suspicion with which he was regarded.

To the Prioress and her poet-creator, the Jew, enclosed in his Ghetto, is no better than some specially loathly spider encamped in its web; he is for them only the envenomed enemy of Christianity, a creature made up of cursing and bitterness. What more natural for him than to resent as an intolerable insult the child's loud chanting of the praise of the Virgin Mother?—what so likely as his avenging that insult in the blood of the innocent offender? The legend of the crime and of

1. The Prioress's Tale. By Chaucer.
 2. The Merchant of Venice. By Shakespeare.
 3. Ivanhoe. By Sir Walter Scott.
 4. Daniel Deronda. By George Elliot.
 5. Sebastian Strome. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.
 6. Reuben Sachs. By Amy Levy.
 7. Children of the Ghetto. By I. Zangwill.

its miraculous detection is told with entire faith, and with a significant reference to the fate of "young Hew of Lincoln, slain by cursed Jew"—one of the too familiar tales of child sacrifice that have haunted the painful path of Israel all down the Christian centuries; a story which, sung in ballad form by wandering minstrels, did its part in embittering English feeling against the outcast nation, actually banished from England when Chaucer told his tale.

From that dawn-time of English literature we pass to the great days of the drama. Two famous playwrights turn to profit the general abhorrence of the Jewish usurer, and make his imagined plottings against the lives of Christian men their theme; Marlowe's savage caricature in "The Jew of Malta" is followed by Shakespeare's immortal picture in "The Merchant of Venice." In drawing Barabbas, his hideous Jew, "the mere monster who kills in sport, poisons whole nunneries, and invents infernal machines," Marlowe was simply embodying common English opinion concerning the Jews, driven forth of England so early as the reign of Edward I. Ignorant hate inspired that tradition, and the playwright gave vivid and violent, but scarcely exaggerated, expression to it. But it is far otherwise with Shakespeare's masterpiece the only really adequate appreciation of Jewish character, in its unlovelier aspect, produced before the present century, by any imaginative writer. The author of "The Merchant of Venice" might have been able to study from the life the Judaic traits he reproduces—the hard, but real, patriotism, the secret scorn for the injurious inconsistent Christian, the stiff tribal prejudice, the singular mixture of craft and boldness employed in the pursuit of revenge for wrongs long unwillingly borne with inward fierce resentment—these, one might suppose, must have been seen in action to be so well understood; and, indeed, some students of the play are inclined to credit its author with personal knowledge of Venice and of its Jews, whom he has drawn with unflattering and unloving skill. A far more intelligent,

but a not less real, dislike than that inspired by Marlowe's coarse misrepresentation would be produced in those who first watched with delight the unfolding of Shylock's character, and the unravelling of his murderous schemes, and exulted in the completeness of his overthrow; the kindest feeling that an Elizabethan audience would carry away from that spectacle could only be a sort of humorous scorn for the defeated, humiliated, ruined usurer, caught in his own snare; for the cheated, plundered father, whom his only child deserts for a Christian lover. Yet is it very much that Shakespeare should have seen in the Jew a man of like passions with other men, heir to the long injuries of his people, justly claiming to have suffered in his own person from maddening contempt and insult, while he has little reason to render thanks for that boasted Christian gentleness and mercy, which compels him to apostasy, and, while leaving him life, take from him the means by which he lives? Pitilessly hard, incapable of discerning that he sins in standing on mere legal right when he does so with intent to murder, this Jew still owes much of his deformity of soul to Christian ill-usage; Shakespeare has discerned this, and made it evident—an astonishing achievement for this son of the sixteenth century, and a sufficient proof of his intellectual sovereignty, were there no other.

It was long before any Jewish portrait, even remotely comparable to the unsympathetic but living delineation of Shylock, was drawn by an English hand. The Hebrew, permitted at last to return to England after the Restoration, dwelt among us many years an unloved alien, and his self-seeking greed, his usurious practices, too often furnished a theme for the mockery of witty dramatists like Sheridan, and of other writers less famous; till another great artist in fiction awoke to the more serious, picturesque possibilities of the despised Oriental money-lender, and Scott gave us in "Ivanhoe" that sordid, yet pathetic, figure of Isaac of York; that noble and heroic form of his

daughter Rebecca—shapes much less realistically faithful than Shylock and Jessica, but drawn with an amount of tenderness which tells us that a new era in toleration has opened. Isaac is depicted, indeed, as a servile, crouching money-lover, not incapable of insolent self-assertion if it should be absolutely safe, and too ready in using that pitiful weapon of the weak—prevarication that merges into falsehood. But we are not allowed to forget that his timid gullefulness is that of a feeble, hunted creature; and that, if he holds to his hoarded wealth with frenzied tenacity, to that wealth alone he owes the bare right to live in the midst of a community that loathes him and his, and only tolerates him because of his financial usefulness. To him Scott has attributed in full measure the strong domestic affection of his people, without indicating how that affection could on occasion transform itself into the savage feeling displayed by "the Jew whom Shakespeare drew," who, in his wrath against his apostate child, would gladly bury with her death the gold and gems of which she has robbed him; "I would my daughter were dead at my feet, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin!" Isaac of York is imagined as a creature of softer mould, holding his fair, wise, high-hearted Rebecca dearer even than his hoarded wealth, since for her sake he will make some sacrifice of that "god of his idolatry;" feeble-hearted as he is, there is little Jewish bitterness in him; witness his kindly will towards the Gentile *Ivanhoe*, who has shown him some kindness; he will take some pains to serve this benefactor, and incurs some risk of loss for his sake. The contrast is more dramatic than probable between Isaac and his noble daughter, so justly proud of the past glories of her race, so humbly acquiescent in its present humiliation; merciful and generous to all, be they children of Israel or not; constant under fierce temptation, possessing her soul in lofty calmness amid the most appalling perils.

While the magician's spell is on us, we

esteem father and daughter both as real, and accept the large-hearted wisdom and vestal devotion of the one as implicitly as the tremulous weakness of the other; yet, for all the Scriptural fashion of their speech, there is so little of the true Jewish color about them that they will not endure comparison with the harsh powerful portraiture of Shylock. A daughter of Israel might indeed give proof of virtue no less lofty than Rebecca's; but it would express itself in another guise. The gentle generous Scott chose probably to draw on his large historic imagination rather than on reality when he wished to depict this Israelitish parent and child. But the pity, sympathy and interest, aroused by his idealized representation were not the less a gain for the cause of humanity.

It is "a far cry" from "*Ivanhoe*" to "*Oliver Twist*," yet Charles Dickens is the next great master who can furnish us with such an illustration of our theme as we need consider. He, who fell heir to much of the popularity of Scott, in his turn, made capital of the peculiar position held by the Jew in popular esteem, and gave us two widely contrasted portraits of scions of the Chosen People, whereof the second was, as is well known, intended as a sort of atonement for the first. Some atonement was indeed called for; nothing could well be more odious than that assemblage of vile human qualities known to lovers of Dickens as the Jew Fagin.

At first sight there is a remarkable air of realism about the scenes of "*Oliver Twist*," which are darkened by the presence of this fiendish being; their dinginess itself seems warrant for their verisimilitude, especially when we turn upon them eyes fresh from the brilliant romance of "*Ivanhoe*." That grimy thieves' kitchen, black with age and dirt, peopled by poor, common, ungainly British thieves and uncomely harlots; that villainous looking old man, the presiding genius of the place, whose sinister features are shadowed by matted red hair, and whose shrivelled form is wrapped in greasy flannel—surely there

is nothing but grimmest reality in a scene made up of such elements. And yet the Fagin of Dickens lacks actuality, considered as a typical Jew, and has less that is genuinely characteristic about him than Isaac of York. Thief-master and teacher, discovered to us at first in the un-Hebraic act of cooking sausages, he has broken so completely with his people and their ways, that none of their stiff prejudices as to the habits and food of the Gentiles cleave to him, and scarcely a trace of their peculiar diction can be discerned in his speech. He is a mere embodiment of cruel, remorseless, pitiless greed of gain, labelled with the name of "Jew" to make it more hateful. Love of lucre makes him more than willing to undertake the poisoning of a soul, and his vindictive rage at being foiled in that gainful enterprise, leads him on to the instigation of a peculiarly cruel murder—a sin one degree darker than his exultation in the fate that has fallen on many of his thievish clients, who, safely hanged out of the way, cannot betray their original betrayer and tempter, enriched by their thefts; and his ruthlessness towards others is balanced by grovelling cowardice in the face of personal peril. He is the apt caterer for every vice, he thrives on every sin, and in all his business there is not one redeeming feature.

Is it impossible that a renegade Israelite should be such an embodiment of all that is evil? Perhaps not; but assuredly it is most improbable that amongst a crowd of utterly depraved associates, a Jew should stand alone in the attainment of such heights of wickedness; and it was with justice that one of the nation libelled by the special association of such qualities with its name, made protest against the unfairness of the picture. An attempt to remedy the wrong was made in "Our Mutual Friend;" but the character therein introduced of a benevolent transparently guileless Israelite, who, in his confiding affection for a supposed benefactor, is willing to play the part of a heartless usurer, in unquestioning deference to the will of the sordid En-

glish money-lender, who employs him out of feigned charity, is something too impossible; and it remains colorless and flat in its magnanimity, its patience under injury, its tranquil superiority to insult and persistence in well-doing. There is an obvious intention to invest this figure with the distinctive Jewish air that was lacking in Fagin; but the stately serious fashion of Riah's speech, like his white-haired venerable aspect, appears rather artificial; both make a curious impression of being theatrical properties.

One may dismiss this attempt to remedy an injustice as being a well-meant failure; yet it witnesses, taken with the character of Fagin, to the double current of feeling in regard to Israel—the sense of something superior and possessing high affinities, the opposed sense of something ignoble—which expresses itself in Scott's picture of Rebecca and her father.

We need not dwell very long on those grandiloquent passages in the writings of the late Lord Beaconsfield, which, as a novelist, he devoted to the glorification of his race. Lords of the money-market such as his "Sidonia," with their preternatural intelligence and fabulous Oriental magnificence of liberality, are fictions too remote from the possibilities of every-day life, belonging rather to the world of the Arabian Nights; and the Hebrew heroine of his "Tancred," who far outdoes Scott's Rebecca in the exaltation of her patriot passion, is but a visionary shape, endowed with impossible perfections by her creator, to make her a fit medium for impressing on a scornful generation his proud estimate of the vast unsuspected influence wielded through all the ages by the gifted sons of Israel—masters of mankind, according to him, in every field of thought and achievement. True or false that estimate, the characters called out of the realms of fancy in order to express it are but shadows.

A popular English novelist of a very different school, with no personal reason to actuate him but his unvarying ambition to present the very truth of

things, has given us his idea of what a son of Jacob might be in good and evil; and humble as is the sphere in which moves the Isaac Levi, of Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend," he is drawn with a vigor and consistency that make him better worth considering than the superb hero of Disraeli. Faithful always to his self-interest, he will do much for those to whom he owes gratitude; keenly resentful of injury, he is keenly sensitive to kindness; astute, able, patient, he is seen following up a long-cherished revenge with terrible ingenuity and persistency, yet he can be softened towards a fallen foe who asks of him justice tempered with mercy; and there is even a certain grandeur, a sort of Scriptural majesty about him, despite the crooked methods by which he exacts retribution from one who has insulted and oppressed him. His hard righteousness in business transactions, his active benevolence towards those whom he can serve without endamaging himself, the grave and lofty tone of his rebukes to foolish wrong-doing—all are aptly combined so as to produce a strong impression of reality. Yet, excellently imagined and portrayed as it is, this character also is much more a creation of its author's fancy than a picture wrought in presence of the living model. The details would be far other in that case; but at least there is none of the unpleasantness of caricature about the idealized figure, and its effect on the spectator is all in the direction of inclining to fair and just judgment of the nationality personified in Isaac Levi.

It was a new idea that possessed George Eliot, when, with the most serious intention to do justice to an ill-understood people, and to represent things exactly as they are, she made Jewish life, Jewish hopes and dreams, Jewish character, both of the more sordid and the more exalted sort, the leading interest in her "Daniel Deronda." The great realistic writer knew better than to depict such extremes of vice and virtue as are exemplified in the bad and good Jews of Dickens. Her scheme of

color included nothing darker than the despicable meanness of the gambling opium-eating Lapidoth, bent on exploiting for his own sordid advantage the gifts and graces of his innocent daughter; whom, with that end in view, he has stolen from her mother, careless if the end be secured in fair ways or foul. Lapidoth is sufficiently contrasted with that poetically guileless daughter, Mirah, the "pearl whom the mud had only washed"—with his austere pious son, the patriot dreamer whose suffering existence is consecrated to the visionary hope of achieving the regeneration and restitution of Israel. Taking these figures as representing the opposed poles of Hebrew character, George Eliot made more strenuous, and, on the whole, more successful efforts than any of her forerunners, to secure proper local color, and to make her characters think and act according to hereditary use and wont; but it must be admitted that none of the others are so life-like as that pawnbroking family of the Cohens, heartily and complacently vulgar, who are revealed to us, a pleasant Rembrandtish group, dark-eyed, genial, prosaic, clad with barbaric richness of color and ornament, in their fire-lighted home on the eve of the Sabbath. Their guest, the sad enthusiast, Mordecai, whom they entertain from mixed motives—kindly pity, respect for his learning, and value for him as a cheap workman, a gratuitous teacher, and a means of earning merit for good works—is much less human and probable than his hosts; his mystical exultation is too unvarying, his aspirations, however eloquently expressed, seem formless and unsubstantial, and it remains extremely doubtful what is his exact position towards the faith of his fathers, though, as there are not a few Jews of superior attainments and character, whose position as believers is similarly uncertain, this point can hardly be regarded as impairing the verisimilitude of the creation. The gracefully-drawn figure of his sister Mirah, the Jewess ignorant of her religion and divided from her people, but passionately bent

on cleaving to both, since it is her birth-right duty so to do, a heritage from her dimly-remembered mother—is a fine, though purely imaginary, creation. One begins at last to suspect the pair as disguised Positivists of their creator's own school; the skilfully imposed coloring of Rabbinical allusion and Hebrew phraseology in the one case, the elaborate simplicity of manner in the other, seem the only things really differentiating them from Deronda the over-cultivated, Anglicized Jew, whose opinions are not so distinctively Christian as to be any bar to his conforming to all the requirements of the synagogue.

Unreal as the picture is, despite its carefully-studied details of Jewish modern life, it was too favorable in intention not to displease many; and a curious countercheck to its supposed flatteries was attempted by Julian Hawthorne in his novel, "Sebastian Strome;" a story of wrong-doing and expiation, in which the most odious part is assigned to a certain Selim Fawley; a youth who has been expensively educated and duly launched in the most respectable London society attainable; his father, a thriving Jewish banker, intending that his brilliant son, who has taken high honors at Oxford, shall advance the fortunes of the firm and family by achieving an advantageous marriage connection with a wealthy heiress of irreproachable English family. The end is attained, but by methods of extraordinary baseness. Father and son are both represented as cynically indifferent on points of honor, and, indeed, of common honesty; and there is a scene between them, in which the elder man lays his commands on the younger to recompense him for the "£20,754—I don't count the shillings and sixpences"—expended on launching him as a "first-class English shentleman"—which is all but impossible for brutal frankness. There is a formidable rival in Selim's way; he is instructed that it was his duty to have kept on friendly terms with this rival, and so to have possessed himself of any injurious secret that could be used to the rival's displacing. "There's two times," says

this unscrupulous parent, "when I know I can trust a man: when I can beggar him, and when I can shame him; and shaming is twenty per cent. better than begging."

And on such a hint Selim acts, with a dramatic ingenuity all his own; he trades on his knowledge of some dark elements in the character of his rival, divines the difficulty he has sinned himself into, and plots so effectually that exposure and disgrace are inevitable; then he makes his own market of the wounded, outraged feeling of the girl whose betrothed lover he has helped to "shame."

It does not affect his matrimonial intentions when he is authoritatively apprised that there are elements of gravest danger for his future wife in his own mental condition; what of that, when marriage means prosperity for him, and cellbacy financial ruin?

Nothing is neglected that can make the picture repulsive. The attractive exterior, and the winning insinuating manners, that mask the sensuous selfishness of Selim Fawley from those among whom he moves and lives, are so described as to appear odious; there is some insistence on physical peculiarities carefully opposed to those attributed by George Eliot to her Jewish heroes; Fawley's red lips, small moist brown eyes under wide, short, black eyebrows, and husky, caressing, whispering voice, are traits full of unpleasant significance. Bred up in full knowledge of his Hebrew origin, as Deronda is not, Fawley is quite free from tribal prejudice of every sort; he willingly attends the lady of his love to a Christian church, he does not forbear to feed on swine's flesh, he describes himself, not as a Jew, but as an Englishman—of "Semitic descent" indeed, but not the less English. When first introduced, "a veneer of charity and humanity enveloped him;" but this is soon all worn away, his selfishness grows by indulgence, and stands forth undisguised; and he is already a moral ruin when physical ruin also overtakes him, and he perishes in the midst of his days, bankrupt alike in character, money and

position; his unscrupulous father being at the same time dragged down in the vortex of the wild speculations into which the son plunged in his years of unsuspected mental aberration.

A character and a story more carefully opposed in every particular to the character and the story of the altruistic *Deronda* could not well have been invented; but if the intention of the author was to supply a corrective to the false impressions that George Eliot's picture of improbable Hebrew perfection might produce, he overshot the mark. The cynical, conscienceless Fawleys, father and son, cannot be accepted as typical representatives of their race, save by those who are committed to anti-Semitic dislike too strongly to be capable of fair judgment. And the hand of the outsider is evident in the attempt to describe old Fawley's Judaic peculiarities; mispronunciation of the *s* after familiar Anglo-Jewish fashion alone stamps his diction with the brand-mark of separatism, otherwise quite lacking to his personality, as to that of his son. Nevertheless, it can hardly be doubted that the cosmopolitan son of the New England master of romance has not written this anti-Semitic story without the prompting and inspiration of some actual experience or knowledge.

A far more damaging indictment was preferred against the Israelite ambitions of winning high place in English society, when the ill-fated Amy Levy, who knew her world as a Gentile cannot, put forth her "*Reuben Sachs; a Sketch*;" and drew a melancholy, but not too improbable, picture of the heart-despair that might be the portion of a sensitive, tender, deeply thinking and deeply feeling girl, fated to live amid the hard conditions of modern prosperous British Judaism, where materialism and mammon-worship are recognized frankly and held wise and necessary, and obedience to their requirements counted a serious duty; while religious faith and feeling, very dimly realized, are supposed to be all on the side of the imperative obligation to attain worldly success—a creed not unheard of in the

outside world, which, however, will not avow it as openly, or act on it as genuinely.

So far Amy Levy is at one with other critics of her people; but it is hers to show us imprisoned souls, cherishing other ideals than those of mere material achievement, and beating their wings vainly against the bars of the cage in which their elders live contented—or learning to accept, sadly, an unworthy submission to their captivity. Here are the nobleness of Israel and the sordidness of Jewish character and training again depicted; but is the picture wholly true?

Somehow there is a weird life-likeness about every member of that strange, half grotesque, half pathetic family group, which, overweighted with splendid array, we see gathered in drawing-rooms, far too sumptuously decorated, around Reuben Sachs, the pride of his house, the young brilliant university man, rising barrister, and successful Parliamentary candidate; or wearing out with him in the synagogue, the long fasting hours of the Day of Atonement—an occasion not to be disregarded by the most pagan or sceptical of Jews. They are very much alive, those sad-eyed elderly women, unsatisfied and heart-hungry amid the wealth and gorgeousness which they continue to esteem as the chief good of existence; those younger, richly costumed matrons and maids, widely diverse in character, but all, whether bitterly sceptical, or calmly practical, or simply womanly, pledged to the pursuit of fashion and fortune; that white-haired, shrewd, prosperous grandfather, who, his fortune won, fills up the leisure hours of his life's evening with constant mechanical muttering of Hebrew prayers; those grandsons of his who conform, like him, to the exactions of the national religion, but in ways so diverse; some, ignorantly and unthinkingly: some, with irreverent mockery; some, who are afflicted with genius, with impatient disgust; and some, like Reuben Sachs himself, with practical philosophy, holding the Jewish religion in affection for the sake of the Jewish

race; but none, to the astonishment of the aristocratic Gentile convert, who comes among them full of ideas of "Daniel Deronda," with deep intelligent heart-conviction.

"I have always been touched," says one of the characters, referring to that famous book, "with the immense good faith with which George Elliot carried out that elaborate misconception of hers;" and another responds, in a "reasonable and pacific way," that "it is no good to pretend that our religion remains a vital force among the cultivated and thoughtful Jews of to-day."

The disappointing words have the ring of reality. Yes, these creatures are no mere wire-worked puppets, who, while made to act and express themselves in such melancholy fashion, work out the tragedy of the little story. The "sketch," however, remains a sketch only, and represents but a section of a vast society. We shall find modern Hebrew life and feeling in its totality, better reflected in the remarkable Jewish books of Zangwill.

It was a strange, complex world, full of thronging, stirring life, and embracing all but the highest and lowest extremes of social existence, that was revealed to a surprised and interested public when the "Children of the Ghetto" first appeared; the Ghetto therein described being the unvalled region of London lying in the vicinity of Petticoat Lane, and its inmates restricting themselves to its well-recognized limits from immemorial use and wont, not from any outward compulsion. But the writer does not content himself with depicting their sordid, yet eager and hopeful, life, nor with taking into his survey the ways and doings of those "Grandchildren of the Ghetto," compeers of the characters in "Reuben Sachs," who are willingly forgetful of the squalors of the East-end, except on the rare occasions when they appear amid them as almoners and benefactors; he bids us recognize the existence, among both the high and the lowly, of really elect Israelitish souls, capable of an ideal devotion to hopes much larger than the political indepen-

dence of Judah, or the acquisition for it of a national centre in Palestine—those aims which, as far as can be discerned, would content the aspirations of a Daniel Deronda, but do not suffice for the rare enthusiasts pictured by Zangwill. He has shown these dreamers and idealists as being few indeed in number, but significant by their mere presence of a real life still warm in the heart of their race. "Though Israel has sunk low, like a tree once green and living, and has become petrified and blackened, there is stored-up sunlight in him." So, by the mouth of Joseph Strelitski, his one exponent of the idea that "the brotherhood of Israel will be the nucleus of the brotherhood of man," speaks Zangwill; and so far one may believe he is at one with his mouth-piece; for a real reverence, such as is not accorded to a dead, outworn thing, informs his pictures of the strange life of the London Ghetto, wound about with its close clinging network of mechanical pious formalities; and this feeling is not the less genuine because that life is painted as being either a constant struggle with poverty or an eager pursuit of what passes for wealth.

We are not intended to despise the tailor family, which we first surprise noisily celebrating a betrothal feast in the dark crowded rooms, where the click of the sewing-machine, worked by the buxom daughter, is so seldom still; nor the too sedulous student of the law, reduced to hawk lemons after total failure in every other occupation, who meekly stands in the uncleanly, bustling street, crying his wares, bought with charity-money, in the hope of earning a crust for his motherless children; nor that over-shrewd Shadchan, or professional match-maker, eager in the pursuit of his well-recognized calling, at whose "Bar-mitzvah party" we assist, with due admiration for its thrifty festivities, which honor the important day when the Shadchan's son attains his religious majority with his thirteenth year; nor the Shammos or beadle, glad to supplement his scanty salary with the small fees of a letter writer; nor any of that mixed multitude of "hawkers

and pedlars, tailors and cigar-makers, cobblers and furriers, glaziers and cap-makers," mostly of alien birth, who elbow each other in the scramble for the bare means of life, and fill the thick air of the Ghetto with chatter in Yiddish, and quibbling on strange points of ceremonial righteousness. For intense is their faith in the value of the quaint observances which outsiders hold so trivial, solemn to them is the importance of the proper cadence to be given to the prayers in the synagogue, the proper gestures to accompany them; of the rightful killing of meat and cooking of food; of the often repeated prayers, and the very perfunctory ablutions with no relation to cleanliness; of the due celebrating of feasts under whatever difficulties of grim London surroundings. These, and a hundred other like performances are gone through under a solemn sense of binding duty which lends to the poor, common, coarse lives of the sons and daughters of affliction a dignity lacking to their wealthier, indifferent or sceptical compatriots—a dignity seen at its height in the gentle-hearted bigot, "Reb" Shemuel, who, though full of tenderest pity for sorrow and need, destroys his daughter's hopes of happiness out of reverence for the mere letter of a misinterpreted law—and does so without losing the reader's sympathy.

But if our author renders honor to the rough, hard husk of ritual, which is the protecting envelope of a living seed, he shows us also how intolerable can be the pressure of the "yoke of bondage," and gives many instances of revolt on the part of the Children, as of the Grandchildren of the Ghetto—revolt that is due sometimes to the mere longing for lawless freedom, but sometimes also to the sincere passion for something more beautiful than traditional narrowness, and always then significant of a new stirring and surging of vital forces that may work for good. The intention to suggest far brighter possibilities than were contemplated by the sad-hearted writer of "Reuben Sachs" is accented by the leading part assigned in the "Children of the Ghetto" to a young

Jewess of genius, author of a novel—"Mordecai Josephs"—as unfavorable in its strictures on Jewish materialistic vulgarity as the work of Amy Levy.

A daughter of the Ghetto, Esther Ansell has known the sharpest pinch of humiliating poverty, in days when she shared a garret-room with three generations of her family, and beguiled hungry hours with dreaming over a "little brown book"—a New Testament, obtained by barter from a schoolmate—which fascinated her strangely, devout little Jew maiden as she was. Memories of that book are clinging to her thoughts in the far different surrounding into which she is lifted by the kindly caprice of a wealthy, childless patroness who, fancying the girl's cleverness, has adopted, educated and developed her into brilliant womanhood. But the unquestioning piety of childhood has been crushed out of Esther; hard experience, widened knowledge, and the new atmosphere of indifferentism and luxury, have made her sceptical. Familiar with both the squalor and the gorgeousness of her people's existence, she finds both equally repugnant; and it is a sort of æsthetic disgust that expresses itself in her crude, anonymous novel, which so displeases her patrons that she dare not avow the authorship. But a saving influence comes into her life with Raphael de Leon, one of Zangwill's idealists, the philanthropic, highly cultivated scion of a wealthy family, who aims to promote the regeneration of Israel by accepting the editorship of a new, strictly orthodox, Jewish paper, and whose impassioned belief in the Divine mission of his people surprises the girl pessimist.

Disillusion awaits Raphael, whose new task, undertaken from pure disinterested zeal, makes him acquainted with too much that is absurd, narrow, fantastic, self-interested, in his orthodox Jewish co-workers, and who has to resign his post under unfriendly pressure, after much difficult self-denying exertion; but his unpleasant experiences only work to the enlarging of his ideas, and his persistent patriot enthusiasm begins to tell on Esther An-

sell, who slowly re-awakens to a sense of real but defeated grandeur in the race and religion she has criticised and scorned, even while she struggles fiercely against the tender deep attachment growing up between herself and Raphael. Wrath against her own false position seizes her; she breaks the ties that bind her to her luxurious home, and tries to lose herself anew in the unsavory mazes of the Ghetto, to which a mysterious attraction draws her, although her own kinsfolk have long left it for America; she longs for "the old impossible Judaism," though she calls it a forlorn hope; she plans to escape from Raphael by uniting herself anew to her distant family, for she fears to injure him, not being able to share his dream that Israel should yet develop into "a sacred phalanx, a nobler brotherhood," commissioned to exemplify to the world a mystic religion all unselfish-new Judaisms," says she "will neverness, righteousness, and love. "Your appeal like the old, with all its imperfections. They will never keep the race together through shine and shade as that did. They do but stow off the inevitable dissolution." And yet the dream has power on her imagination, despite the resistance of her intellect; it returns on her with overwhelming force when, on the eve of sailing for America, she obeys immemorial habit and betakes herself to the synagogue on the day of the Great White Fast. There, shut up among the women, she listens to the surging sounds of prayer that ascend from the men's chamber, with ever-growing emotion; she thrills to the mighty cry with which the whole congregation proclaims the Unity of Jehovah; "from her lips came in rapturous surrender to an overmastering impulse the half-hysterical protestation, 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one!'" and the whole history of her strange, unhappy race flashed through her mind in a whirl of resistless emotion:—

She was overwhelmed at the thought of its sons in every corner of the earth proclaiming to the sombre twilight sky the

belief for which its generations had lived and died. . . . The shadow of a large, mysterious destiny seemed to hang over these poor, superstitious zealots whose lives she knew so well [in their every-day prose.

What is the secret of that destiny? she asks herself, her soul floating between despair and hope; shall the Jew, having come so far, sink and be lost in "morasses of modern doubt"—or shall he outlast both Mohammedan and Christian? Can it be that he is designed to fulfil that noble dream of Raphael's, and, restored to the Fatherland, show forth what a nation should be?—or is it "a larger, wilder dream" that he is to realize, and shall a universal Judaism, grander, larger, nobler than the old, bless the world by its vast diffusion?

Torn by such questionings, faint with fasting and emotion, Esther Ansell comes forth from the synagogue, not as she went in; her spirit is no longer sternly shut against hope and happiness; and when we next see her, it is only a brief farewell that she is bidding to Raphael and the share of earthly blessedness he can give.

But we are left quite doubtful as to the solution of the painful riddle of Israel which commends itself to the heroine or her creator. It may be that of Strelitski, the Russian Jew, another character in the vivid novel, who, cruelly persecuted in his native land, escaped to England, and there endured a bondage, scarcely less cruel, as the minister of a fashionable synagogue, "the professional panegyrist," says he bitterly, "of the rich." Renouncing that position, and with it the outward form of orthodoxy, Strelitski turns his eyes to the great free world of America, where, says he, "the last great battle of Judaism will be fought out," with the result, as he hopes, that his race shall become "the link of federation among the nations," acting everywhere in the interests of peace; promoting true human interests; and gathering the peoples into a great spiritual Republic of the higher life.

A magnificent vision; but can it be anything more than a vision? We have no answer from our author, who does but show us Strelitski taking ship for the New World, in hopes to work towards realizing this ideal. Neither he, nor his fellow enthusiasts, seem to be aware that what they are dreaming of is, in truth, Christianity with the Christ left out, and rendered impossible by that omission. Yet references abound to the great Teacher and his doctrine, references often admiring, often tinged with a certain pride in his nationality; his words were frequent on the lips of the child Esther, his "almost limitless impress on history" is vaunted by Esther, the sceptical woman; hostility to him, personally, is carefully limited to Israelites ignorant of the outside world. "Christianity is very beautiful in theory. . . . I should like to believe in Jesus," says Esther Ansell—it scarcely needs that we point out how impossible such words would be to the Jewess as imagined by George Elliot. But, for all this apparent admiration, there is a steady refusal of heart-homage to the Divine human Redeemer, and we are not doubtfully bidden to seek the reason in the unfaithfulness of professing Christians to the laws of Christ's kingdom. Significant is the saying, "Scratch the Christian, and you will find the pagan, spoiled," put into the mouth of a mocking Jew, himself a pagan; and the bitter judgment does not lack support from other works of Zangwill: in that "Ghetto Tragedy," called the "Dairy of a Meshumad" (or apostate), in "Joseph the Dreamer," tragic tale of a Jewish convert to popery, the inhuman bigotry of Greek-Russian and Romanist fanatics, cruelly false to the Gospel of Love, is vehemently reprobated.

And yet, if we take Zangwill for a witness of the truth, there is a real element of hopefulness in the tendency to appropriate the ethical teaching of Christianity, evidenced in the theories of Raphael and Strelitski, and also in their actions; there is hope in the admiration and recognition, however imperfect, of the Christ of history, in the wist-

ful yearning of one soul and another towards His spiritual law of love, though they deem it too lofty; hope in the healthy scorn expressed by Raphael da Leon for the "eviscerated Christianity" he found in vogue at Oxford, which, says he, might be summed up thus: "There is no God, but Jesus Christ is His Son." If these pictures of educated English Israelites and their ways of thought can at all be trusted, then is there a movement going on in the best Anglo-Jewish minds, strangely corresponding to the growing passion for rendering true obedience to the law of the Master, now visibly working among the best and purest of English Christian believers; and we might well recognize one mighty influence from above, drawing Jew and Christian together in spiritual aspiration, so powerfully, that they must at last coalesce, and the recognition by Israel of her disowned Lord begin. Such a day of God shall surely dawn, though its coming may have to tarry till Christendom at large becomes more Christ-like, till all nations shall understand that they war against themselves in afflicting Israel; and till there be, even among English-speaking peoples, a vast development of that sympathetic, intelligent toleration of Jew by Christian, which our hasty survey of our own imaginative literature has shown progressing among ourselves in such slow fluctuating fashion—yet progressing.

For very slowly advances the empire of Love; but the indications are sure, which certify us of its final triumph; and not the least convincing are those gathered from revelations of the inner life of enfranchised Israel.

IN KEDAR'S TENTS.¹

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE SOWERS."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A NIGHT JOURNEY.

"Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares."

At the cross-roads, on the northern side of the river, the two carriages

¹ Copyright, 1897, by Henry Seton Merriman.

parted company, the dusty equipage of General Vincente taking the road to Aranjuez, that leads to the right and mounts steadily through olive groves. The other carriage, which, despite its plain and sombre colors, still had an air of grandeur and almost of royalty, with its great wheels and curved springs, turned to the left and headed for Toledo. Behind it clattered a dozen troopers, picked men with huge, swinging swords and travel-stained clothes. The dust rose in a cloud under the horses' feet and hovered in the fallow air. There was no breath of wind, and the sun shone through a faint haze, which seemed only to add to the heat.

Concha lowered the window and thrust forward his long, inquiring nose. "What is it?" asked the general.

"Thunder; I smell it. We shall have a storm to-night." He looked out, mopping his nose. "Name of a saint, how thick the air is!"

"It will be clear before the morning," said Vincente, the optimist.

And the carriage rattled on toward the city of strife, where Jew, Goth and Roman, Moor and Inquisitor have all had their day. Estella was silent, drooping with fatigue. The general alone seemed unmoved and heedless of the heat, a man of steel, as bright and ready as his own sword.

There is no civilized country in the world so bare as Spain, and no part of the Peninsula so sparsely populated as the Castiles. The road ran for the most part over brown and barren uplands, with here and there a valley where wheat and olives and vineyards graced the lower slopes. The crying need of all nature was for shade, for the ilex is a small-leaved tree, giving a thin shadow, with no cool depths amid the branches. All was brown and barren and parched. The earth seemed to lie fainting and awaiting the rain. The horses trotted with extended necks and open mouths, their coats wet with sweat. The driver, an Andalusian, with a face like a Moorish pirate, kept encouraging them with word and rein, jerking and whipping only when they

seemed likely to fall from sheer fatigue and sun-weariness. At last the sun set in a glow like that of a great furnace, and the reflection lay over the land in ruddy splendor.

"Ah!" said Concha, looking out; "it will be a great storm, and it will soon come."

Vast columns of cloud were climbing up from the sunset into a sullen sky, thrown up in spreading mare's-tails by a hundred contrary gusts of wind, as if there were explosive matter in the great furnace of the west.

"Nature is always on my side," said Vincente, with his chuckling laugh. He sat, watch in hand, noting the passage of the kilometres.

At last the sun went down behind a distant line of hill, the watershed of the Tagus, and immediately the air was cool. Without stopping, the driver wrapped his cloak round him, and the troopers followed his example. A few minutes later a cold breeze sprang up suddenly, coming from the north and swirling the dust high in the air.

"It is well," said Vincente, who assuredly saw good in everything; "the wind comes first, and therefore the storm will be short."

As he spoke the thunder rolled among the hills.

"It is almost like guns," he added, with a queer look in his eyes suggestive of some memory.

Then, preceded by a rushing wind, the rain came, turning to hail, and stopping suddenly in a breathless pause, only to recommence with a renewed and splashing vigor. Concha drew up the windows, and the water streamed down them in a continuous ripple. Estella, who had been sleeping, roused herself. She looked fresh, and her eyes were bright with excitement. She had brought home with her from her English school that air of freshness and a dainty vigor which makes English women different from all other women in the world, and an English schoolgirl assuredly the brightest, purest, and sweetest of God's creatures.

Concha looked at her with his grim smile, amused at a youthfulness which could enable her to fall asleep at such a time and wake up so manifestly refreshed.

A halt was made at a roadside *venta*, where the travellers partook of a hurried meal. Darkness came on before the horses were sufficiently rested, and by the light of an ill-smelling lamp the general had his inevitable cup of coffee. The rain had now ceased, but the sky remained overcast, and the night was a dark one. The travellers took their places in the carriage, and again the monopoly of the road, the steady trot of the horses, the sing-song words of encouragement of their driver monopolized the thoughts of sleepy minds. It seemed to Estella that life was all journeys, and that she had been on the road for years. The swing of the carriage, the little varieties of the road but served to add to her somnolence. She only half woke up when, about ten o'clock, a halt was made to change horses, and the general quitted the carriage for a few minutes to talk earnestly with two horsemen who were apparently awaiting their arrival. No time was lost here, and the carriage went forward with an increased escort. The two newcomers rode by the carriage, one on either side.

When Estella woke up the moon had risen, and the carriage was making slow progress up a long hill. She noticed that a horseman was on either side, close by the carriage window.

"Who is that?" she asked.

"Conyngham," replied the general.

"You sent for him?" inquired Estella, in a hard voice.

"Yes."

Estella was wakeful enough now, and sat upright, looking straight in front of her. At times she glanced toward the window, which was now open, where the head of Conyngham's charger appeared. The horse trotted steadily with a queer jerk of the head, and that willingness to do his best, which gains for horses a place in the hearts of all who have to do with them.

"Will there be fighting?" asked Estella suddenly.

The general shrugged his shoulders.

"One cannot call it fighting. There may be a disturbance in the streets," he answered.

Concha, quiet in his corner, with his back to the horses, watched the girl, and saw that her eyes were wide with anxiety now, quite suddenly, she who had never thought of fear till this moment. She moved uneasily in her seat, fidgeting as the young ever do when troubled. It is only with the years that we learn to bear a burden quietly.

"Who is that?" she asked shortly, pointing to the other window, which was closed.

"Concepcion Vara, Conyngham's servant," replied the general, who for some reason was inclined to curtness in his speech.

They were approaching Toledo, and passed through a village from time to time, where the cafés were still lighted up, and people seemed to be astir in the shadow of the houses. At last, in the main thoroughfare of a larger village, within a stage of Toledo, a final halt was made to change horses. The street, dimly lighted by a couple of oil lamps, swinging from gibbets at the corners of a cross-road, seemed to be peopled by shadows surreptitiously lurking in doorways. There was a false air of quiet in the houses, and peeping eyes looked out from the bars that covered every window, for even modern Spanish houses are barred, as if for a siege, and in the ancient villages every man's house is, indeed, his castle.

The driver had left the box, and seemed to be having some trouble with the ostlers and stable helps, for his voice could be heard raised in anger, and urging them to greater haste.

Conyngham, motionless in the saddle, touched his horse with his heel, advancing a few paces, so as to screen the window. Concepcion, on the other side, did the same, so that the travellers in the interior of the vehicle saw but the dark shape of the horses and the long cloaks of their riders. They

could perceive Conyngham quickly throw back his cape in order to have a free hand. Then there came the sound of scuffling feet, and an indefinable sense of strife in the very air.

"But we will see—we will see who is in the carriage!" cried a shrill voice, and a hoarse shout from many bibulous throats confirmed the desire.

"Quick!" said Conyngham's voice—"quick! Take your reins; never mind the lamps!"

And the carriage swayed as the man leapt to his place. Estella made a movement to look out of the window, but Concha had stood up against it, opposing his broad back alike to curious glances or a knife or a bullet. At the other window, the general, better versed in such matters, held the leather cushion upon which he had been sitting across the sash. With his left hand he restrained Estella.

"Keep still," he said. "Sit back. Conyngham can take care of himself."

The carriage swayed forward, and a volley of stones rattled on it like hail. It rose jerkily on one side and bumped over some obstacle.

"One who has his quietus," said Concha. "These royal carriages are heavy."

The horses were galloping now. Concha sat down, rubbing his back. Conyngham was galloping by the window, and they could see his spur flashing in the moonlight as he used it. The reins hung loose and both his hands were employed elsewhere, for he had a man half across the saddle in front of him, who held to him with one arm thrown round his neck, while the other was raised and a gleam of steel was at the end of it. Concepcion, from the other side, threw a knife over the roof of the carriage—he could hit a cork at twenty paces—but he missed this time.

The general from within leant across Estella, sword in hand, with gleaming eyes. But Conyngham seemed to have got the hold he desired, for his assailant came suddenly swinging over the horse's neck, and one of his flying heels crashed through the window by Concha's head, making that ecclesiastic

swear like any layman. The carriage was lifted on one side again and bumped heavily.

"Another," said Concha, looking for broken glass in the folds of his cassock. "That is a pretty trick of Conyngham's."

"And the man is a horseman," added the general, sheathing his sword—"a horseman. It warms the heart to see it."

Then he leant out of the window and asked if any were hurt.

"I am afraid, excellency, that I hurt one," answered Vara—"where the neck joins the shoulder. It is a pretty spot for the knife, nothing to turn a point."

He rubbed a sulphur match on the leg of his trousers, and lighted a cigarette as he rode along.

"On our side no accidents," continued Vara, with a careless grandeur, "unless the reverendo received a kick in the face."

"The reverendo received a stone in the small of the back," growled Concha pessimistically, "where there was already a corner of lumbago."

Conyngham, standing in his stirrups, was looking back. A man lay motionless on the road, and beyond, at the cross-roads, another was riding up a hill to the right at a hard gallop.

"It is the road to Madrid," said Concepcion, noting the direction of the Englishman's glance.

The general, leaning out of the carriage window, was also looking back anxiously.

"They have sent a messenger to Madrid, excellency, with the news that the queen is on the road to Toledo," said Concepcion.

"It is well," answered Vincente with a laugh.

As they journeyed, although it was nearly midnight, there appeared from time to time and for the most part in the neighborhood of a village, one who seemed to have been awaiting their passage, and immediately set out on foot or horseback by one of the shorter bridle-paths that abound in Spain. No one of these spies escaped the notice of Concepcion, whose training amid the

mountains of Andalusia had sharpened his eyesight and added keenness to every sense.

"It is like a cat walking down an alley full of dogs," he muttered.

At last the lights of Toledo hove in sight, and across the river came the sound of the city clocks tolling the hour.

"Midnight," said Concha, "and all respectable folk are in their beds. At night all cats are grey."

No one heeded him. Estella was sitting upright, bright-eyed and wakeful. The general looked out of the window at every moment. Across the river they could see lights moving, and many houses that had been illuminated were suddenly dark.

"See," said the general, leaning out of the window and speaking to Conyng-ham; "they have heard the sound of our wheels."

At the farther end of the Bridge of Alcantara, on the road which now leads to the railway station, two horse-men were stationed, hidden in the shadow of the trees that border the pathway.

"Those should be *guardia civile*," said Concepcion, who had studied the ways of these gentry all his life, "but they are not. They have horses that have never been taught to stand still."

As he spoke the men vanished, moving noiselessly in the thick dust which lay on the Madrid road.

The general saw them go and smiled. These men carried word to their fellows in Madrid for the seizure of the little queen. But before they could reach the capital the queen regent herself would be there, a woman in a thousand, of inflexible nerve, of infinite resource.

The carriage rattled over the narrow bridge, which rings hollow to the sound of wheels. It passed under the gate that Wamba built, and up the tree-girt incline to the city. The streets were deserted, and no window showed a light. A watchman in his shelter at the corner by the synagogue peered at them over the folds of his cloak, and noting the clank of scabbard against

spur, paid no further heed to a traveller who took the road with such outward signs of authority.

"It is still enough and quiet," said Concha, looking out.

"As quiet as a watching cat," replied Vincente.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CITY OF STRIFE.

"What lot is mine,
Whose foresight preaches peace, my heart so slow
To feel it?"

Through these quiet streets the party clattered noisily enough, for the rain had left the round stones slippery, and the horses were too tired for a sure step. There were no lights at the street corners, for these had been extinguished at midnight, and the only glimmer of a lamp that relieved the darkness was shining through the stained-glass windows of the cathedral where the sacred oil burnt night and day.

The queen was evidently expected at the Casa del Ayuntamiento, for at the approach of the carriage the great doors were thrown open and a number of servants appeared in the *patio*, which was but dimly lighted. By the general's orders the small bodyguard passed through the doors, which were then closed, instead of continuing their way to the barracks in the Alcazar.

This Casa del Ayuntamiento stands, as many travellers know, in the plaza of the same name, and faces the cathedral, which is, without doubt, the oldest, as it assuredly is the most beautiful church in the world. The Mansion House of Toledo, in addition to some palatial halls, which are of historic renown, has several suites of rooms, used from time to time by great personages passing through or visiting the city. The house itself is old, as we esteem age in England, while in comparison to the buildings around it is modern. Built, however, at a period when beauty of architecture was secondary to power of resistance, the place is strong enough, and General Vincente smiled happily as the great doors were closed. He was the last to look out

into the streets and across the little Plaza del Ayuntamiento, which was deserted and looked peaceful enough in the light of a waning moon.

The carriage door was opened by a lackey, and Conyngham gave Estella his hand. All the servants bowed as she passed up the stairs, her face screened by the folds of her white mantilla. There was a queer hush in the great house and in the manner of the servants. The cathedral clock rang out the half hour. The general led the way to the room on the first floor that overlooks the Plaza del Ayuntamiento. It is a vast apartment hung with tapestries and pictures, such as men travel many miles to see. The windows, which are large in proportion to the height of the room, open upon a stone balcony, which runs the length of the house, and looks down upon the plaza and across this to the great façade of the cathedral. Candles hurriedly lighted made the room into a very desert of shadows. At the far end a table was spread with cold meats, and lighted by high silver candelabras.

"Ah!" said Concha, going toward the supper table.

Estella turned, and for the first time met Conyngham's eyes. His face startled her, it was so grave.

"Were you hurt?" she asked sharply.

"Not this time, señorita."

Then she turned with a sudden laugh toward her father.

"Did I play my part well?" she asked.

"Yes, my child;" and even he was grave.

"Unless I am mistaken," he continued, glancing at the shuttered windows, "we have only begun our task." He was reading as he spoke some despatches, which a servant had handed to him.

"There is one advantage in a soldier's life," he said, smiling at Conyngham, "which is not, I think, sufficiently recognized—namely, that one's duty is so often clearly defined. At the present moment it is a question of keeping up the deception we have practised upon these good people of Toledo sufficiently

long to enable the queen regent to reach Madrid. In order to make certain of this we must lead the people to understand that the queen is in this house until, at least, daylight. Given so much advantage, I think that her Majesty can reach the capital an hour before any messenger from Toledo. Two horsemen quitted the bridge of Alcantara as we crossed it, riding toward Madrid, but they will not reach the capital. I have seen to that."

He paused and walked to one of the long windows, which he opened. The outer shutters remained closed, and he did not unbar them, but stood listening.

"All is still as yet," he said, returning to the table, where Father Concha was philosophically cutting up a cold chicken.

"That is a good idea of yours," he said; "we may all require our full forces of mind and body before the dawn."

He drew forward a chair, and Estella, obeying his gesture, sat down, and so far controlled her feelings as to eat a little.

"Do queens always feed on old birds, such as this?" asked Concha discontentedly, and Vincente, spreading out his napkin, laughed with gay good humor.

"Before the dawn," he said to Conyngham, "we may all be great men, and the good padre here on the high-road to a bishopric."

"He would rather be in bed," muttered Concha, with his mouth full.

It was a queer scene, such as we only act in real life. The vast room, with its gorgeous hangings, the flickering candles, the table spread with delicacies, and the strange party seated at it; Concha, eating steadily; the general, looking round with his domesticated little smile; Estella, with a new light in her eyes and a new happiness on her face; Conyngham, a giant among these southerners, in his dust-laden uniform—all made up a picture that none forgot.

"They will probably attack this place," said the general, pouring out a glass of wine; "but the house is a

strong one. I cannot rely on the regiments stationed at Toledo, and have sent to Madrid for cavalry. There is nothing like cavalry—in the streets. We can stand a siege—till the dawn."

He turned, looking over his shoulder toward the door, for he had heard a footstep, unnoticed by the others. It was Concepcion Vara, who came into the room coatless, his face grey with dust, adding a startling and picturesque incongruity to the scene.

"Pardon, excellency," he said, with that easy grasp of the situation, which always made an utterly disconcerted smuggler of him, "but there is one in the house whom, I think, his excellency should speak with."

"Ah!"

"The Señorita Barenna."

The general rose from the table.

"How did she get in here?" he asked sharply.

"By the side door in the Calle de la Ciudad. The keeper of that door, excellency, is a mule. The señorita forced him to admit her. The sex can do so much," he added, with a tolerant shrug of his shoulders.

"And the other, this Larralde?"

Concepcion raised his hand with outspread fingers, and shook it slowly from side to side, from the wrist, with the palm turned toward his interlocutor, which seemed to indicate that the subject was an unpleasant, almost an indelicate one.

"Larralde, excellency," he said, "is one of those who are never found at the front. He will not be in Toledo to-night, that Larralde."

"Where is the Señorita Barenna?" asked the general.

"She is down-stairs, commanding his excellency's soldiers to let her pass."

"You go down, my friend, and bring her here. Then take that door yourself."

Concepcion bowed ceremoniously and withdrew. He might have been an ambassador, and his salutation was worthy of an Imperial Court.

A moment later Julia Barenna came into the room, her dark eyes wide with terror, her face pale and drawn.

"Where is the queen regent?" she asked, looking from one face to the other, and seeing all her foes assembled as if by magic before her.

"Her Majesty is on the road between Aranjuez and Madrid, in safety, my dear Julia," replied the general soothingly.

"But they think she is here. The people are in the streets. Look out of the window. They are in the plaza."

"I know it, my dear," said the general.

"They are armed; they are going to attack this house."

"I am aware of it."

"Their plan is to murder the queen."

"So we understand," said the general gently. He had a horror of anything approaching sensation or a scene, a feeling which Spaniards share with Englishmen. "That is the queen for the time being," added Vincente, pointing to Estella.

Julia stood looking from one to the other, a self-contained woman made strong by love, for there is nothing in life or human experience that raises and strengthens man or woman so much as a great and abiding love. But Julia was driven and almost panic-stricken. She held herself in control by an effort that was drawing lines in her face never to be wiped out.

"But you will tell them. I will do it. Let me go to them. I am not afraid."

"No one must leave this house now," said the general. "You have come to us, my dear, you must now throw in your lot with ours."

"But Estella must not take this risk!" exclaimed Julia. "Let me do it."

And some woman's instinct sent her to Estella's side, two women alone in that great house amid this man's work and strife of reckless politicians.

"And you and Señor Conyngham," she cried; "you must not run this great risk."

"It is what we are paid for, my dear Julia," answered the general, holding out his arm and indicating the gold stripes upon it.

He walked to the window and opened

the massive shutters, which swung back heavily. Then he stepped out on to the balcony without fear or hesitation.

"See," he said, "the square is full of them."

He came back into the room, and Conyngham, standing beside him, looked down into the moonlit plaza. The square was, indeed, thronged with dark and silent shadows, while others, stealing from the doorways and narrow alleys, with which Toledo abounded, joined the group with stealthy steps. No one spoke, though the sound of their whispering arose in the still night-air like the murmur of a breeze through reeds. A hundred faces peered upward through the darkness at the two intrepid figures on the balcony.

"And these are Spaniards, my dear Conyngham," whispered the general—"a hundred of them against one woman. Name of God, I blush for them!"

The throng increased every moment, and withal the silence never lifted, but brooded breathlessly over the ancient town. Instead of living men, these might well have been the shades of the countless and forgotten dead, who had come to a violent end in the streets of a city where peace has never found a home since the days of Nebuchadnezzar.

Vincente came back into the room, leaving both the shutter and window open.

"They cannot see in," he said, "the building is too high. And across the plaza there is nothing but the cathedral which has no windows accessible without ladders."

He paused, looking at his watch.

"They are in doubt," he said, speaking to Conyngham, "they are not sure that the queen is here. We will keep them in doubt for a short time. Every minute lost by them is an inestimable gain to us. That open window will whet their curiosity, and give them something to whisper about. It is so easy to deceive a crowd."

He sat down and began to peel a peach. Julia looked at him, wondering

wherein this man's greatness lay, and yet perceiving dimly that against such as he men like Esteban Larraalde could do nothing.

Concha, having supped satisfactorily, was now sitting back in his chair, seeking for something in the pockets of his cassock.

"It is to be presumed," he said, "that one may smoke, even in a palace."

And under their gaze he quietly lighted a cigarette, with the deliberation of one whom a long solitary life had bred habits only to be broken at last by death.

Presently the general rose and went to the window again.

"They are still doubtful," he said, returning, "and I think their numbers have decreased. We cannot allow them to disperse."

He paused, thinking deeply.

"My child," he said suddenly to Estella, "you must show yourself on the balcony."

Estella rose at once, but Julia held her back.

"No," she said; "let me do it. Give me the white mantilla."

There was a momentary silence, while Estella freed herself from her cousin's grasp. Conyngham looked at the woman he loved while she stood, little more than a child, with something youthful and inimitably graceful in the lines of her throat and averted face. Would she accept Julia's offer? Conyngham bit his lips and awaited her decision. Then, as if divining his thought, she turned and looked at him gravely.

"No," she said; "I will do it."

She went toward the window. Her father and Conyngham had taken their places, one on each side, as if she were the queen indeed. She stood for a moment on the threshold, and then passed out into the moonlight alone. Immediately there arose the most terrifying of all earthly sounds, the dull, antagonistic roar of a thousand angry throats. Estella walked to the front of the balcony and stood, with an intrepidity which was worthy of the royal woman

whose part she played, looking down on the upturned faces. A red flash streaked the darkness of a far corner of the square, and a bullet whistled through the open window into the woodwork of a mirror.

"Come back," whispered General Vincente. "Slowly, my child, slowly."

Estella stood for a moment looking down with a royal insolence, then turned, and with measured steps approached the window. As she passed in she met Conyngham's eyes, and that one moment assuredly made two lives worth living.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MR. JOWETT AND OXFORD LIBERALISM.

Probably no institution has undergone a greater number of superficial changes during the last sixty years than the University of Oxford. Its internal economy has been overhauled by two royal commissions. Religious tests have been abolished. In most colleges clerical fellows are the exception rather than the rule; while in many only a comparatively small proportion of the dons reside within the walls. "Research" has been liberally endowed. The scope of the examination system has been widened. The tenure of a fellowship is no longer incompatible with matrimony. The town (it has been averred by a quondam apostle of "progress") is "slummy and overbuilt;" the tone of the university is that of a "lively municipal burgh."

The change in the relation of the university to the outer world has been equally remarkable. Oxford has been knit close to London; and the depreciable epithet, "donnish," no longer suggestive of celibacy and a cloistered seclusion from the "sparkling throng," must be held to embrace in its connotation some tincture of the extreme type of civilization believed to exist in southmost Kensington. The Saturday-to-Monday professor has come into existence and passed out of it; but distinguished visitors of every description

frequently take their week-end recreation in the same way. On the other hand, a little army of Oxford men has within the last fifteen years invaded the realm of London journalism. University intelligence in the old days, apart from matters of capital importance, was given in the barest form. Only the boat-race and the cricket-match taxed the energies of the descriptive reporter or the leader-writer. It has now been discovered that Oxford makes excellent copy in a thousand other ways. University slang and university gossip are echoed faithfully in the evening papers of the metropolis; and he is indeed a lucky man who, despite undeniable obscurity, can venture so much as to marry without the compliment of a personal paragraph from the pen of some officious contemporary, gaily recalling his pass in moderations, his third in history, and the fact, real or imaginary, that he has an unrivalled critical knowledge of the text of Lear's "Book of Nonsense," or Blair's "Grave," as the case may be.

Such are a few of the alterations which have taken place within the compass of her Majesty's reign and within the academic career of the late Master of Balliol, who won a scholarship at the age of eighteen in 1835, and was elected a fellow of the college, while still an undergraduate, in 1838. By the time of his death in 1893, the new—the newest—order had completely supplanted the old. We need not here consider whether the revolution has had good effects or bad. There is nothing so good in this world but it might have been better, and nothing so bad but it might have been worse. The university, we venture to believe, is "sound at bottom,"—a quotation, by the by, of which the master had a thorough relish. Be that, however, as it may, Mr. Jowett was not only an eye-witness of the process of transformation, but had also a considerable share in assisting it. His name was familiar far beyond the university. To some he appeared little less than a scoffing and malignant fiend. By oth-

ers he was esteemed a very Socrates, "the wisest and best man they had ever known." Many anecdotes of varying degrees of authenticity clustered round his name; and many singular and erroneous conceptions were entertained of his character. His authorized biography,¹ therefore, for which Messrs. Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell are responsible, will probably appeal to a much wider circle of readers than that of those who knew him, or even of those who at some time during his career happened to be at Oxford. It is only, however, as we conceive, from the point of view of an Oxford man that the book can be adequately judged; and, so regarding it, we must congratulate the authors upon a well-conceived and well-executed piece of work. They have been extremely judicious in their treatment of the "mythology," and the stories and apophthegms to which they have given admission are for the most part fresh and pointed. The work is not "deformed by exaggerated affection and flattery," to borrow a phrase of the master's; and the hero's shortcomings are sufficiently indicated, if not dragged into prominence.

Perhaps some of the secondary characters are kept too studiously in the background. We should have liked to hear a little more, for example, of Doctor Jenkyns. Dean Mansel's name is not so much as mentioned, though his doctrines were obviously a pet aversion of the master's. Nor is adequate recognition made of the unique combination of scholarship and plety which distinguished James Riddell. *Per contra*, as Mr. Owen would have said, a warm tribute is paid to the memory of George Rankine Luke, while a few well-expressed lines in a footnote bear eloquent testimony to the lasting impression made upon the college by the beautiful character and profound intellect of Charles Warrack. We have noted here and there a few trivial errors.

¹ *The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Oxford.* By Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D., and Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D. Two volumes. London: John Murray. 1897.

After all, it is no very heinous offence to speak of the "Secretary of State for Scotland," or to suppose that Lord Dalhousie and not the Duke of Richmond was the first occupant of the office thus misnamed. To one rather curious omission we must, however, draw attention. At a certain memorable gathering of Convocation in December, 1882—almost the last, we think, of the good old sort at which the country clergy were wont to assemble in their hundreds—Mr. Jowett, then vice-chancellor, opened the proceedings in Latin, and then announced that to avoid mistakes he was about to speak in English. This was, of course, received with a roar of derisive laughter; whereupon he remarked, "I was afraid, gentlemen, that if I spoke in Latin, many of you would be unable to understand me!" The story thus told by Mr. Abbott leaves the balance of advantage pretty evenly divided; but if, as we have always understood, the vice-chancellor began by proposing to the meeting "*nomen vobis approbandus*," it will be admitted that those who laughed loudest were fairly entitled to laugh longest.

Mr. Jowett's university life may be divided into three periods, in two of which the agreeable, in the other the disagreeable, element predominates. From 1836 to 1855 he was the good man struggling with adversity. His father, a superior Micawber, was absorbed in a metrical version of the Psalms, and the son's scanty resources were taxed to their utmost extent in supporting his parents and sisters, and in helping his brothers to start in life. He bore the burden of that trying time with manly fortitude and without complaint, though the effort made an indelible impression on his mind; and he may be said upon the whole to have enjoyed life and to have partaken of its modest pleasures with unaffected cheerfulness.

During the last period, again, from 1870 to 1893, he was the head of a large and prosperous college, plunged head and ears in new projects of activity and usefulness, grudging neither time nor money spent in the service of Balliol.

given to hospitality, and thoroughly appreciating the opportunities now at his disposal for entertaining a great variety of guests, old and young. Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends, were certainly the portion of his declining years.

The intervening period from 1855 to 1870 presents a very different picture. It shows us Achilles sulking in his tent, the victim of wounded pride and baffled ambition; it shows us, alas, the disloyal colleague, sedulously undermining the influence of the head of the college. Did we not know the weakness of human nature, the bitterness with which he resented Doctor Scott's preferment would be incredible; for Scott had been consistently kind to him as an undergraduate, and had among other things advanced the money necessary to defray the expense of his installation as a fellow. It is, however, the fact that almost from the moment of his rival's election Jowett ostentatiously withdrew himself from the society of the high-table and the common-room; and the persistency of his attempts to thwart the new master in every conceivable way was never much of a secret. He was, indeed, pre-eminently fond of "getting his own way;" and the pertinacity with which, when in a minority, he would oppose and obstruct was only equalled by the pertinacity with which he would press his advantage with a majority to back him. Had he met with similar treatment when he occupied the post of master himself (and with one or two of the ablest and most influential of the dons he can scarcely be said to have been congenial), the common-room would have been the scene of perpetual discord. The fact that any who differed from him invariably gave way speaks volumes, not merely for their amiability, but also for his strength of will and obstinacy of purpose. It was during this period, too, that Mr. Jowett appeared in one of his most celebrated impersonations, the injured heretic; for, though his orthodoxy had been somewhat blown upon, it was only after his failure to attain the mastership that

he came to be looked upon as a ring-leader of the Oxford Liberals.

Much—shall we say a great deal too much?—has been written about the Tractarian movement, comparatively little about the counter tendency. Yet the latter would well repay judicious and discriminating investigation. The mere circumstance that for many years it was the fashionable thing for young men of parts and promise to call themselves Liberals is conclusive evidence of its strength, and of the powerful influence exercised by its champions. To survey it at this distance of time is to be supplied with a striking illustration of the vanity of human effort. Superficially successful in realizing a much larger proportion of their ideals than commonly falls to the lot of man, the university Liberals are to be discerned in their later years clad in sackcloth and ashes and bemoaning the futility of their exertions and the eclipse of their dearest doctrines. Pearson gloomily predicts a débâcle when Western civilization shall be engulfed in an overwhelming torrent of Mongolians and other yellow-faces. Pattison scents a hateful recrudescence of Idealism and mediævalism in the neo-Hegelian philosophy of Mr. Green. Jowett is inclined to think "that the power of the Church has increased and (in England) is increasing, and ought to be diminished" (II. 475). Most melancholy sight of all, Mr. Goldwin Smith ruefully contemplates a political world for the creation of which he and his friends are largely responsible and pronounces it all as bad as bad can be. If these are the feelings with which the march of "progress" is saluted by the veterans, what would their sensations have been if the forces of "reaction" had triumphed?

It is true that in their practical nostrums the Oxford Liberals were by no means unanimous. This one clamored for the endowment of research; that for the extension of university teaching to manufacturing towns; a third deemed that the millennium had arrived with the advent to Oxford of the humble "tosher." These and other innumera-

ble fads are delightfully gibbeted in the inimitable "Phrontisterion." But a certain unity of principle and purpose undoubtedly animated the party and held it together, though its commonest expression was more than a little unfortunate. Human nature must change a good deal before unbridled arrogance becomes popular. Mr. Jowett, with characteristic shrewdness, was able to see himself and his friends as the enemy saw them. "As university reformers," he wrote in 1852, "we must appear to the world rather as seeking an intellectual aristocracy, or, to express it more coarsely, to form good places for ourselves out of the revenues of the colleges, than earnest about anything which the world in general cares for or which can do any extensive good" (l. 212). In exhibiting this distinctive quality, the Oxford Liberals were, no doubt, merely continuing and developing the party tradition. Modesty was never a feature of the Whig or the Radical character. From the date when English politics "settled down" and the familiar division of Whig and Tory became recognized, the Liberals have never been slow to claim for themselves a very handsome share of all desirable qualities, whether mental or moral. Even in the writings of Steele and Addison we detect the calm self-complacency which tacitly assumed that the Whigs possessed a monopoly of good taste, good manners, and good sense; just as in Swift we recognize the violent recoil against all such ludicrous pretensions. The phenomenon repeated itself a century later. The claim to ethical and intellectual superiority was shrilly reasserted by the *Edinburgh* reviewers, and vehemently contested by the Tories of the *Quarterly* and still more of "Maga." Cockburn's "Memorials" afford perhaps the most typical instance of such a claim being advanced in perfect good faith and without the slightest conception that there was anything to be urged against it. Addison, to be sure, was humility itself compared with Jeffrey and Cockburn; but Jeffrey and Cockburn were the very embodiment of

modesty compared with the Oxford Liberals. In their eyes, not to be a Liberal was to be *ipso facto* a fool, a jobber, an obscurantist, a knave, a sinner against the light, an enemy of the human race, and a great many other terrible things; nor must the Tory be allowed by any excess of civility or consideration to remain ignorant of his miserable plight. No; the "canker of ecclesiasticism" must be thoroughly eradicated; the incubus of an effete and brutalized aristocracy thrown off; and the world henceforward ruled by its natural leaders—the men of intellect!

We do not say that there were no academic Liberals free from the taint of this odious characteristic. Mr. Jowett himself, though capable enough of rapping out a sharp and biting word upon occasion, was too wise to be deliberately and gratuitously insolent. Others, like Henry Smith, were mercifully preserved by a rich and genuine vein of humor; while others yet again, like Dean Stanley, were so essentially "light horsemen," and their type of mind was so palpably shallow, that though they took an active part in many a hot battle, they excited no permanent animosity. In Matthew Arnold, too, the elaborately veiled arrogance was often amusing, and nine times out of ten was vented, much to the patients' disgust and dismay, upon the "backbone" of the Liberal party in the country. To catch the quality in its highest manifestation the reader must peruse Doctor Arnold on the "Oxford Malignants," or rub up his recollection of Mr. Thorold Rogers's controversial methods, or refresh his memory with a few of Mr. Freeman's outbursts of urbanity, or, best of all, turn to Mark Pattison's "Memoirs." There nearly every other person mentioned is either a "funkey" or a "crétin;" this one is "puzzle-headed," that the victim of "abject piety," while the fortunate writer confesses to being so constituted that he cannot "see anything being done without an immediate suggestion of how it might be better done." Not a touch of kindness, not a note of sympathy for the commonplace and less

richly gifted orders of mankind, not a solitary gleam of humor! Rather than fight under leaders such as these, it were infinitely better to have made a stout stand for the losing side beneath the banner of the greatest metaphysician and philosopher who has adorned the Church of England since the days of Butler.

The intellectual arrogance to which we have referred may have found some justification in the exceptional abilities of many of the Liberal leaders at the university. The misfortune was that they contrived to impart it to many of their disciples to whom they could in nowise communicate a share of their brains, and in whom the quality was not only offensive but grotesque. It is indeed this self-satisfied vanity, this superlative conceit, which constitutes the true *differentia* of the species "prig," and assuredly in no age and in no country has that most detestable of the harmless varieties of the *genus humanum* flourished to the same extent as at Oxford during the last half-century. A few individuals of the class may by accident have been Tories, but an enormous majority have always been of the Liberal complexion. Some of the latter, it is true, have been lucky enough to eliminate the poison from their systems, more or less, and by more frequent commerce with the world at large—e.g., in colonial governorships and other similar offices into which their friends have been only too happy to job them—have been brought into a much more healthy, and almost a normal, frame of mind. Others experienced an extremely peremptory awakening during the Home Rule crisis. But there are few exceptions to the general rule. Once a prig, always a prig; and most of the kind continue to be victims of the old monomania till their dying day. Such are the persons who used to brag loudly about the overwhelming predominance of Liberal principles among men of eminence in scholarship, literature, and science; and who since 1886 have been compelled to rest content with the empty satisfaction of railing at the Jebbs, the Leckys, and the

Huxleys, who with all but absolute unanimity have rallied to the cause of the union. No one who was not an eye-witness of the phenomenon would credit the "airs" which mediocre young men of Liberal opinions once gave themselves at Oxford on the score of some fancied superiority in ability, learning, and refinement. Happily the disease supplies its own best antidote. Liberal principles, or what pass for principles, are naturally attractive to ingenuous youth; something to counteract their charm is highly desirable; and many a high-flying Tory has to thank his Radical contemporaries for involuntarily driving him into the right path by force of sheer repulsion.

As regards the country generally, the case has been much the same. A pompous parade of talent and "culture" does a party no good in the long-run. Give an academic Liberal plenty of rope, and he is certain to "put everybody's back up." The Tory party may have been from time to time unfortunate in losing the services of young men of ability whom the fashion of the moment drove into the Liberal ranks; but it has gained infinitely more by never having had a Courtney, a Morley, or a Lowe. The truth is that the Tories, alike from principle and tradition, are necessarily more in touch with every section of the community than their opponents. Now, the great mass of the English people understand and secretly like an aristocracy of birth judiciously tempered with wealth. They have no insuperable objection to an unqualified aristocracy of birth; and they would probably tolerate, with periodical fits of restiveness, a pure plutocracy. But there are two things which neither they nor any self-respecting race of men would endure for any length of time; and these are, an aristocracy of self-constituted "saints," and an aristocracy of "intellect."

We have not wandered so far from Mr. Jowett as may be supposed; for Balliol was the chosen haunt of the prig, and many was the prig of promise who passed through his hands. While

not really a prig himself, he got the credit of being the cause of priggishness in others, though perhaps he was only to blame in not warning them off a very obvious and well-marked shoal. He did his best, we honestly believe, to clear his mind of cant, and we can imagine him secretly writhing at the loud-mouthed dictum of some egregious "social reformer," that "what Balliol thinks to-day, England thinks to-morrow!" He could certainly play the candid friend to some purpose, and there were several points on which he refused to subscribe to the orthodox Liberal confession. He was not ashamed to put in a good word for our old ally Napoleon III., and his sympathies were all with France in her struggle with Germany. He never took kindly to the movement for the higher education of women, and greatly feared that in the future there might be "a neglect of accomplishments, especially music and drawing, which I shall always consider a very important element of female, and, perhaps, of all education" (ii. 291). He nourished no great enthusiasm for "oppressed nationalities," and was a hearty Turcophil during the Russo-Turkish war. He had a liking for Lord Beaconsfield, but always distrusted Mr. Gladstone, in whom, it is true, the Oxford Liberals, suspecting his clerical proclivities, reposed but little confidence. Much more to his taste were the pre-reform statesmen, whom he considered to have been more loyal and faithful to one another than the politicians of to-day (ii. 395). He was astoundingly ignorant of science. He rightly held it "impossible to convert Shelley into a decent and honorable man" (ii. 318). In a letter written in 1846 he expresses views as to the English aristocracy which Gifford or Croker, though they would have cheerfully indorsed them, would have thought twice before printing (i. 151). Above all, he was a thorough-going "Jingo." He complained that the Liberals in 1878 were becoming bitter and "un-English," and he would have repudiated with scorn Sam Rogers's complacent and disgraceful boast that he

"had never wished well to his Majesty's armies."

These are notable divergences from the beaten track of Liberalism, and must have cost a considerable effort. But in other respects his independence of mind broke down, and he was content to go on mumbling the hallowed formulæ. He seemed to find a peculiar charm—and many others have done the same—in the very name of "Liberal." "I used to think myself a Liberal," he writes in 1882, "but sometimes fear that I am in danger of becoming a Tory, though I struggle against this as much as I can" (ii. 210). He seems to have felt himself "thirled" to the thing called Liberalism, and bound consequently to oppose and thwart its foes. How else could he have persuaded himself that the author of the "*Vie de Jésus*" and "*L'Abbesse de Jouarre*" was "a really great and good man"? For what other reason could he have invited Colenso to occupy the pulpit of Balliol chapel—Colenso with whose methods he had little in common? We readily acquit him of the deliberate desire or intention to wound the deepest feelings of those who still asked for the old paths. Yet he was by no means disinclined to irritate them, almost mischievously, in lesser matters. "I rather like," he writes in 1893, "when preaching in Westminster Abbey, to take the liberty of saying a word in favor of some great dissenter or saintly infidel, whose praise is *not* heard in all the churches" (ii. 470); and he would maintain that Voltaire had done more good than all the fathers of the Church put together! The spirit of such utterances is the key to many little problems in the master's conduct. It helps to explain the Sunday evening concerts; it entirely explains that memorable Sunday afternoon concert in the garden quad., when a military band discoursed quasi-sacred music to a disorderly mob of ruffians from the town who took the college by storm. The biographers say nothing of the incident; and the experiment was not repeated. The same feeling also supplies a clue to some of his public appearances which

could well have been spared. In spite of his evangelical upbringing he had no real liking for dissent; but when the dissenters opened a seminary of their own in the town, dislike of the High Church party moved him to give his benediction to the venture. Nor can we doubt that he was animated mainly by similar "contrariness" when he instigated the singularly impudent attempt to elect a virulent dissenter as one of the examiners in the Rudiments of faith and religion.

Another way in which the master's strain of Liberalism displayed itself was his preference for being on the winning side, and his nervous solicitude to have a finger in every scheme that held out a fair prospect of success. He loved to be *dans le mouvement*, and would have hated it to be supposed that he had banned anything which ultimately turned out to be popular. Thus he relaxed somewhat of his open hostility to the "higher education" of women, when he found the movement gathering strength. So, too, when the Toynbee Hall project was mooted, though his soul must have revolted at the deluge of nonsense which then swept over the college, he appeared at a meeting in hall and bestowed a few words of chilly approbation on the scheme. He was from the first a supporter of the preposterous "University Extension" movement, perhaps the most laughable of the many farces which have been played on the Oxford stage. It has, no doubt, the merit of providing many excellent young gentlemen of moderate abilities with a "living wage;" but there can have been little really to appeal to the common sense of Mr. Jowett either in its solemn affectation of seriousness, its impudent demands upon the public purse, or its month of picnicking at Oxford in the long vacation. It may be conjectured, indeed, that many developments of university "reform" which he lived to see, and against which he never opened his lips, were secretly distasteful to him. And he, too, like the other Oxford Liberals whom we have mentioned, was to taste the bitterness of fruition, and the

vanity of ideals realized and aspirations gratified.

There is greater discontent [he remarks with astonishing and relentless cruelty] in Oxford now than formerly. The younger men want to marry, and they have no money. They want to write, and have no originality. They want to be scholars, and have no industry. They want to be fine gentlemen, and are deficient in manners. When they have families they will be at their wits' end how to provide for them. Many of them have the fretfulness of *parvenus*, and will always have this unfortunate temper of mind.

Had Burgon possessed either the heart or the head to formulate so pointed an indictment against the outcome of fifty years' agitation, what a howl of execration would have arisen against the ferocious bigot!

It was, however, far more in connection with the college than the university that Mr. Jowett's best work was performed. It was the college that most occupied his thoughts, the college that lay closest to his heart. During the whole period of his mastership his will there was law, and even during the latter part of Scott's reign he swayed its destinies. No human being could have ruled such an institution for so long a time without committing some errors, and there were, unquestionably, details in his management to which exception might be taken. Perhaps he permitted the college to grow too large, but we doubt if he could have kept it small. Perhaps he was too prone to encourage the residence of Parthians, Medes, Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia, and members of tribes even more remote. Yet we doubt if they did anybody any harm, though we are quite sure that any of their number who happened to be professing Christians from the Levant would have done so if they could. With much more force it may be urged that the introduction of the organ into the hall, with all its consequences, was a grave mistake. We should be disposed to concede that the master's better judgment deserted him

in that matter, and to wonder how any one of his experience could bring himself to believe that second-rate music on Sunday evenings and occasional smoking concerts during the week could effectually cement the incongruous elements of which a college like Balliol is necessarily composed. Due allowance, however, being made for such failings, no competent judge will seriously dispute that, take it all in all, Mr. Jowett was a first-rate Head of his House. Mr. Abbott tells a pleasant story of how Doctor Harper of Jesus, when walking with Jowett and on coming first to a small gate, stopped suddenly, and, holding it open, said, "No, you go first; you have done more for your college than I have." It was a fine compliment, and one which did honor not only to the recipient but to him who paid it.

It is often said that Mr. Jowett was a worshipper of success; that he had favorites; and that those favorites by a curious coincidence were also the favorites of fortune, the well-born and the prosperous. That he did attach great importance to birth is quite true, and that he attached perhaps an exaggerated importance to the gifts which ensure popularity in good society is true also. "I dare say," he writes to a lady in India, "that you have already found a great solvent of political difficulties is to give friendly and agreeable dinner-parties to all sorts of people without regard to their views" (II. 285). It is generally shy people who put the highest value upon the art of pleasing in company. It is, further, perfectly true that Mr. Jowett had, as he himself puts it, "a general prejudice against all persons who do not succeed in the world," and we shall never forget the very neat hit in a sermon at those "who say 'the race is not to the swift,' meaning themselves." It is probably a sufficient apology for a tendency to which he was thoroughly alive himself to remember the sort of man his father was. With such a conspicuous instance of fumbling and failure before his eyes, is it to be wondered at that he shrunk from the spectacle of opportunities neglected

and talent frittered away? After all, in nine cases out of ten the world is rightly content to apply the rough-and-ready test of success to a man's capacity; and with the great bulk of those who passed under his observation Mr. Jowett made no mistake, but, on the contrary, formed an extraordinarily accurate idea of the idiosyncrasy of each. He knew whom to stimulate with a word of encouragement, and whom to spur with a word of reproach. Yet, in the exceptional case, his method broke down; and we can recall more than one instance of some rare character, too finely tempered for the rough work of the world, which the master seemed persistently to misunderstand and to which he never did justice.

To scholarship in the strict sense of the term Mr. Jowett had no serious pretensions.¹ Philosophy rather was supposed to be his strong point. It is a little difficult, after an impartial consideration of his published writings, to understand why. During the last ten years of his life, at all events, he had very little of the philosopher about him. The essayist who visited him at dessert would get a glass of excellent claret and some sound literary advice, such as "Never make a 'porch' to your essay," if he had opened with a long and irrelevant exordium. Or perhaps he would be pulled up for some piece of pedantry by the sharp inquiry: "Interrogate your consciousness?" Do you mean, 'Ask yourself'?" But he had no taste for following out the course of an argument, and though he clung tenaciously to the stereotyped views formed thirty or forty years before with no perceptible variation, he seemed to have no recollection of the chain of reasoning by which he had reached them, far less any desire to test or examine them afresh. He frigidly and firmly dis-

¹ It used to be part of the mythology that the brilliant scholar whose help he invoked in revising the first division of the "Plato" would sit smoking and working in one room, and from time to time exclaim, "Another howler, Master!" To which the answer would come in a piping voice from the adjoining apartment, "Correct it, Mr. —! Correct it!"

couraged all discussion on the origin and explanation of evil, for example, and he held the dilemma in abhorrence. The latter savored of logic, which was a "dodge;" the former of metaphysics, the popular view of which he avowedly shared.

His writings present the same characteristics. They abound in close and pregnant observation of human nature, and in searching analysis of many familiar philosophical and theological phrases. But take him on some question, such as predestination and free-will, and you find that he supplies nothing more than a graceful and elegant amplification of several obvious and elementary propositions. "Man is a creature of habit—man is a creature of impulse—man is a creature of circumstances. *Que voulez-vous?*" he seems to ask. The *de quo queritur* being precisely the relation of those truths to one another, and the possibility of their reconciliation, it is neither satisfactory nor stimulating to be told that they need no reconciliation at all, that everything is plain sailing, and that the difficulty of believing at once in an omnipotent and omniscient Deity and in man as a morally free agent is a silly invention of over-subtle divines. This ostrich-like attitude towards the primary difficulties which beset the threshold of every religious system he was most resolute in maintaining. The most flagrant contradictions are explained away by a jaunty reference to the "modes of thought" of a particular age and country, while the explicit statements of a divinely inspired writer are cavalierly brushed aside or reduced to vagueness by the convenient assumption that the author spoke "in a figure."

The more Mr. Jowett's attitude towards religion is examined the more amazing will it seem. He was well enough aware that in his commentary on the Pauline Epistles, and later on in "Essays and Reviews," he was about to deliver an attack on the orthodox position. This is plain from his anxiety to pick his words, and to present his views in the "least repulsive manner."

To the very end he systematically inculcated a degree of "reserve in communicating religious knowledge" (from his own point of view) which would have struck poor Mr. Isaac Williams with horror. Yet he seems to have been genuinely surprised and hurt when the pleasant but thin disguise of language was instantly penetrated; when his adroit use of current religious phraseology and his unrivalled dexterity in adapting the words of Scripture to suit his own construction were proved to have availed him nothing; and when the true drift of his argument was mercilessly exposed. The truth is, that while from one point of view the premises of the "Essay on the Interpretation of Scripture" are musty truisms, from another they are sufficient to explode not merely the orthodox conception of Christianity, but also the shapeless and indefinite residuum to which Jowett so plausibly adhered. As time went on, his scepticism grew bolder and more outspoken. He threw miracles overboard altogether, and it is not easy to say which, if any, of the cardinal doctrines of the faith he retained. Yet on the subject of prayer, for instance, he was as hopelessly irrational (on his own hypothesis) as the most superstitious of his fellow-creatures. He makes, indeed, the proviso that no one should pray for anything that may violate the "laws of nature," for with all his dislike of metaphysics he was an abject slave to that most tyrannous and exacting of metaphysical abstractions. None the less he exhorts a friend on his death-bed to pray that he may be spared a little longer; as though his recovery were not, on Jowett's postulates, as much a matter of "law" as the rising of the sun or the precession of the equinoxes. His aim was "to place religion on a rational basis." His method of procedure is to eliminate the vital constituents of religion, and then to find a justification for preserving its lifeless remains, to which it turns out that "reason" is absolutely repugnant. Such solicitude for the shadow when the substance has been destroyed may be very touching and pathetic; but one

cannot wonder that it provoked the powerful invective and the trenchant sarcasm of Mansel's Bampton Lectures.

The fact is, that the bent of Mr. Jowett's mind was neither scholarly nor speculative, but purely literary. Textual criticism he openly contemned, and he justly described the R.V. as a "monument of pedantry." He had a correct and fastidious taste, an acute sensibility to style, a sharp ear for the rhythm and harmony of language. Like his hero Doctor Johnson, he read everything. All was fish that came to his net, from Aristophanes to Bunyan, from "Pride and Prejudice" to "David Grieve" (which he seems to have read without a murmur), from "Adam Bede" (which he pronounced very good) to Comte (whom he pronounced very bad). The biography gives us an extraordinary picture of his industry, and in particular of the patience and assiduity with which he polished and repolished his own writings. The world that cares for such things is familiar with the effect; but the world was not before aware of the endless labor expended in perfecting that exquisitely easy yet dignified prose, full of charm and melody, so lucid yet so subtle, old-fashioned yet never archaic, adapting itself so nicely to the matter in hand, charged with indefinable reminiscences of the best models, yet ever characteristic, ever individual.

We have purposely refrained from discussing Mr. Jowett in private life; in the first place, because we desired to dwell on his public career; and, in the second, because to what his biographers say on that head there is little or nothing to be added. We venture to predict that his memory will long be cherished, both at Oxford and in the world, by thousands who were the recipients of his kindness; and to assert that those number not a few who, with strong propensities and temptations to sloth and indolence, will long be inspired by his example to industry and application. But when all who fell within the sphere of his personal influence have passed away we are equally confident that his claim to the recollec-

tion of posterity will be found to consist not in his theological or philosophical opinions, crude and ill-digested as they were, but in the fact that, in an age teeming with literary talent and activity, he above all others was imbued with the peculiar genius, saturated with the best traditions, and obedient to the true canons of English style.

From Temple Bar.

A LAND OF DERELICTS.

The Falkland Islands are not quite the place one would choose for a honeymoon trip, or for driving away depression; they have not many visitors beyond those whom duty calls. A peer and his friend did arrive there, on pleasure bent, some years ago, and were reported in the remoter settlements progressively as "a black yacht and a white prince," and "a white yacht and a black prince." The earl was left out, in spite of the Caucasian bond between him and the prince. Their stay was not long, and the history of it has not yet appeared.

The geographical position of the islands even is uncertain in some minds, even the more opinionated placing them occasionally on the wrong side of the south continent, in a Pacific neighborhood. The more literary-minded may recall their mention in a letter of Junius, or the fleeting allusion contained in the preface of "Barnaby Rudge," whilst readers of Darwin's travels will remember his unfortunate experience of the Falklands during a period of biting hail squalls, and will be prepared for their stormy characteristics; as Fitzroy observed of them, "a region more exposed to storms both in summer and winter it would be difficult to mention."

Frozen mutton, losing its identity amongst the vaster imports from New Zealand, and fleeces served up retail as "best sulting," and "heather mixture," do not appeal to the larger curiosity of man; and these, together with

tallow, are, commercially, the beginning and ending of the Falklands. With regard to the tallow, it is hinted that in these days of petroleum products it is no longer to reappear as candles, but as an edible substance, the sale of which has required a recent Act of Victoria for its legislation.

The Falkland group is made up of the East and West Falkland Islands, and of a large number of small islands, only a few of which are inhabited, and which, together with rocks and reefs, number over one hundred. Their general appearance is wild and desolate, but the distant heights are often grand in outline, and the sunset coloring of them, with the soft mauve and ochre peculiar to barren mountain regions, recalls the similar tinting of some Spanish scenery.

Of course nothing can atone for the want of that verdure which Great Britons admire so pre-eminently at home, or for the total absence of trees throughout the islands. "Our only tree," declared a colonist, "is the bulrush," and upon inquiry, even this was discovered to be an empty boast.

Much of the coast scenery is remarkable. Towering headlands rise from waves lashing fiercely at their base; columns of spray burst upwards, geyser-like, through fissures in the shelving rocks; beneath lie piled huge crags, hurled headlong in some outburst of incarcerated force, the interrupted strata at all angles to their surroundings—a scene of one of Dame Nature's mighty house-movings where no succeeding forest covers the confusion of her flight, but chaos reigns unveiled and staring.

As seen from the harbor, Stanley, the principal settlement, which is on the East Falkland, has much the appearance of a box of toys, or of the style of picture with which Caldecott made us familiar; such is the impression produced by the flat white surface of the painted houses and their cheerful colored roofs.

The settlement lies on the southern shore of the harbor, and a road runs the length of it, having the harbor on one

side and the principal buildings on the other. The buildings of the Falkland Islands' Company occupy a considerable part of the eastern end of the settlement. This company, which has an affinity, on a smaller scale, with the old Honorable East India Company, or with the Hudson Bay Company, was incorporated by royal charter in 1851, having acquired by purchase the rights of one Mr. Lafone to a large tract of country on the East Falkland, since known as Lafonia.

The company, in addition to other trading operations, have workshops and a staff of men employed for repairing the disabled vessels which may put in here the worse for their attempts to weather the Horn. Sometimes a ship, with coal cargo smouldering, will put in; and in 1893 one was in such straits that the crew could scarcely be persuaded to jettison the red-hot mass, and the presence of the captain's wife was necessary for their encouragement, whilst the thermometer burst in the cabin.

More recently, a Belfast barque was towed in in sorry plight. Her cargo had shifted in heavy weather off the Horn, and she had lain for many hours with half her main deck under water, until, by dint of trimming coal for eighteen hours on end, and cutting away her topmasts, she had been sufficiently righted to creep into Port William, outside Stanley Harbor, with a favoring wind. Here she would have ended on the rocks but for H.M.S. Acorn, which, happily, was visiting Stanley, and which started at once to the rescue, being sighted from afar by her commander, ashore with a shooting-party, who, amazed at seeing his "heart of oak," steaming along full speed under a subordinate officer, started after her in his pinnace to know the reason why. The rescued ship was safely brought into Stanley Harbor, with extra glory for one of those employed, who performed the feat of cutting away under water a befouling towline.

From the extensive plant required for ship repairs, and the high wages current, it follows that the charges for

such work should be heavy. Indeed, so large have they been in some instances, that it would have profited the owners and underwriters better to abandon the ship; and this has been done in several cases, and the hulks purchased by the Falkland Islands' Company as store-ships.

In a letter from Mrs. Carlyle to her husband, headed Liverpool, July 25th, 1845, she says: "I did the Great Britain. It is three hundred and twenty feet long and fifty feet broad, and all of iron, and has six sails, and one pays a shilling to see it, and it was not a good joy."

Here in Stanley Harbor, fifty years later, is moored the great hulk of Brunel's big vessel, now used as a receiving-ship for the wool coming in from the coast ports. A relic of her is incorporated in the ship *Talisman*, which was once repaired in Stanley, a new bowsprit being constructed for her out of the Great Britain's foreyard.

There are many fine natural harbors in the islands, though most of them are difficult of access, especially to sailing vessels. Port Edgar, on the West Falkland, is spoken of as the one which will be utilized should the Falklands become a naval station in the future. In most of these harbors are wrecks, generally of some local schooner; whilst on the unlighted coast many vessels have been lost with all hands, their identity often perishing with them.

It is said that there is only one sunken rock of any importance about the Falklands, which is not indicated by kelp growing upon it, and this exception is the "*Uranie*," on the east coast of the East Falkland, which was named from a hapless French frigate which foundered upon it in 1820.

All navigators and surveyors of these islands have noted the giant seaweed and its uses. As they point out, the presence of fixed kelp is a sign almost infallible of the presence of rocks; and although, in some instances, soundings may reveal a depth of even thirty or forty fathoms, through which the sea-plant rises upwards from its rocky anchorage, yet it may be taken generally

that a ship should not attempt navigation amongst it. Indeed, one might, in a moment of recognition, attribute to Providence, besides the designing of the trade winds for his benefit, a special care for the interests of poor Jack in the danger signal of the kelp. The masses of weed, growing as they do outside Hill Cove on the West Falkland, for example, constitute a natural breakwater, destroying much of the energy of the incoming billows, which undulate crest-shaven through the tanglement to vent a greatly diminished fury on the shore.

Navigation about the islands is both intricate and startling. One of the smaller islands, Pebble Island, is approached by two narrow passes, so-called, the North-West and Tamar Pass. In the North-West Pass, at the best of times, a sailing vessel must be piloted on a five-knot current through kelp run under by the tide. Steam-power is not used about the Falklands, where coal is only available at sixty shillings a ton. Through Tamar Pass pours a still fiercer current; and in these boiling waters the schooner *Ione*, losing her rudder, was dashed upon the rocks and wrecked, her crew and passengers escaping in the boat with some hazard and the loss of all their effects. It is said, by the by, that when the naming of the Falkland Islands' Company's new ship was under discussion in 1893, an official of the company, mindful of certain figure-heads of heathen nymphs under which he had served, proposed to add to their number by christening the new ship the *Hebe*. The managing director met this with stern refusal. "We have been told," he said, "already of the 'Black 'Awk' and the 'Sparrow-'awk' in the islands, and I am not going to risk the 'Eab.'" That he had cause for his distrust of Falkland parlance may be allowed when one hears a hapless "orchid" converted into "orchard," whilst "*Ione*" is confidently affirmed to be "*I-1*," for "I saw it written, sir, with my own eyes;" and beyond "*I-own*," it has not even now advanced; whilst "*I-rene*" in two syllables is equally curtailed.

The curiosities of meteorology in

these islands would perhaps repay a leisured observer; they appear to baffle all experience; even the pilot of thirty years' standing will own to being completely taken aback by developments of weather. It generally blows hard for three days a week, whilst about Easter time a yearly hurricane justifies tradition, causing damage or even loss amongst the shipping in harbor.

The great Good Friday gale of 1893 drove every boat in Darwin Harbor, on the East Falkland, ashore, and ended the days of the *Castalia*, a coasting schooner belonging to the Falkland Islands' Company, and once a famous yacht. She was lying at anchor in Gull Harbor, Weddell Island, when this gale came down, as gales do in the Falklands, like a house falling on one, and caught her in this harbor, where the rarer gales from the south-east are felt in all their fury, and before chain could be given her, she had dragged too far for it to help her, and nothing remained for the crew but to scramble ashore over her bows as she piled herself up on a shelf of rocks off the settlement. That gale was curiously varied in its time of visitation to different parts of the islands. It is said to have commenced about 2.30 A.M. in Weddell Island.

That morning a local pilot was on board the trading barque *Ruth Waldron* in Port San Salvador, about a hundred miles east of Weddell. They had hove short the anchor before eight o'clock breakfast, intending to start directly afterwards, there being then and there no sign of anything extraordinary. After breakfast the captain, looking round on deck, observed a strange appearance in the sky, with a brilliant rainbow, and he and the pilot decided to wait and see what it meant. Soon after the gale fell upon him in all its fury. Even allowing for some undoubted irregularity in clock-keeping, the time of visitation furnished an interesting token of the peculiar path of the storm about the islands. It is not surprising that the settlers in such an "ultimate dim Thule" find it hard to keep their clocks and the sun together.

One morning a settler came off from shore to a newly anchored ship in one of the smaller islands. The skipper and his family were sitting at breakfast about 8.30 and thought him rather an early bird, but no more. The man who had accompanied him from the shore was not, however, of a similar opinion with regard to the ship's company. "Here's a pretty time for folks to be breakfasting aboard ship!" was his growling comment to the cook for'ard. Upon comparison with his perplexed hearer, it was discovered that the clocks ashore were two good hours ahead of the sun, hence his wrath at the sloth of an eleven o'clock breakfast. By help of the ship's chronometer and the sixty-first meridian, which passes through that particular settlement, this was all put right, the settler freely confiding in such measures, though at another settlement, where the skipper incautiously proffered an altitude for the purpose of righting disordered time-pieces, he was assured that there was no demand, as the correct time was always obtained by means of a certain scratch upon a windowpane, a method the inhabitants clearly considered as very superior to the operations of the sextant.

The writer had a considerable experience, a few years ago, of Falkland coasting, having visited most of the settlements on board the company's *Thetis*, which comes out annually from England with all manner of stores, and spends several months delivering the same round the islands, and taking the settlers' wool into Stanley for the mail steamers of the *Kosmos* Line to ship to England. The *Thetis* is a small steel barquentine of about three hundred and forty tons gross, and was built for the company in 1893, under Lloyd's special survey, by Messrs. Macmillan of Dumbarton; and, with especial regard to the dangerous navigation of the Falklands, she was constructed with a double bottom and intervening tanks for water ballast. Her decks throughout are of teak-wood, affording great stability, and no effort has been spared to make her deserving

of her century, of Lloyd's, and of favorable terms of insurance.

On Thetis we spent many weeks, and endured many things during her efforts to get the upper hand of the weather. A pilot and an officer of customs were our fellow-travellers. The revenue of the Falklands, which are a Crown colony, depends largely on the drink duties, and Mr. Poppy is sent round on the merchant ships by the government to guard against unlawful landing of liquor at the different ports. Mr. Poppy is a man of reading, and is quite prepared to discuss the "fourth R.," or the position of the Russian autocrat. "Yes," he says, "I would rather be plain John Poppy than the czar of Russia any day."

Well said, O Poppy, whose duties lie with wax and seal (or tailor's button, if they want the seal ashore) and a polite if careful scrutiny of landed cargo, with occasional tapping of a guilty-looking barrel, to end in vinegar and vituperation. Many a half-hour of discussion had we passed with Poppy on the afterhatch before the cargo was replaced by the inexcisable fleeces.

Charlie Gibbert was our pilot—one of the many Charlies of the Falklands, from African "Black Charlie" to "Charlie the Masher," a Swedish Adonis at a coast settlement.

It is said that a boat-load of shipwrecked sailors once landed on the Falklands, and saw approaching down the beach Black Charlie aforesaid. Beholding in him a cannibal chief, attired in the garments of the latest victim, they turned to the mercies of the deep, and put to sea with the fervor of terror, leaving their would-be rescuer arrested with astonishment at their incomprehensible flight from his benevolence. Black Charlie is now skipper of the private yawl at Pebble Island, having lost his command of the *Ione* on the day on which she foundered in Tamar Pass before mentioned.

We were once at anchor for a week in Gull Harbor, Weddell Island, and being somewhat weary of the vast stretches of moorland which, whatever compensation they may have to the

colonists in the splendid pasturage they afford to the sheep, alike their wealth and occupation, are nevertheless very dreary to the eye, we thought that we ought to climb a hill and see how the country looked from the top. So on a warm, calm morning we started up Mount Weddell (twelve hundred and fifty feet); first, over a fence or two, through thick, dry fern like polypodium, only with glossy leaves; up higher, where green and orange moss straggled over the ground amidst the dun-colored herbage; then across a stone-run, jumping from one great boulder to another to reach the softer ground beyond the stony torrent. These stone-runs have furnished much matter for speculation, and if our memory holds good, it was Darwin who pointed out their probable origin in glacial surroundings—the moraine still spread upon the mountain-side, whence ice has long since melted away. So perhaps will appear the mountains of Switzerland when icebergs meet their dissolution in Lac Léman, whence steamer traffic shall ere that have been ousted by the flying fleet of Hiram. Upwards still we go, with a blazing sun now beating on our backs. A cold country, forsooth! We are panting now for a gale to cool the air, with a handkerchief tucked into our hat and collar to preserve from sunstroke. With joy we gain the summit, and cast our limbs upon a granite slab aloft to rest awhile.

Since then we have experienced the necessity of holding on to the jagged peaks aloft to steady ourselves in the blast, when only a fresh breeze was blowing in the plain below. Far and wide below us now is camp-land, motionless, except for shimmering of heated air, or for the moving shadow where horsemen are driving the flocks towards the stream for "dipping." Below is "Circum" Island, named on the New Year's day of its discovery, and the mainland of the West Falkland farther off still, with sea between—blue and shining waters with oily streaks kelp-calmed, and in some bay the curve of surf moving so slowly

and noiselessly upwards, as eye and brain aver in self-deceived conjunction. Below us, too, is Thetis and her cargo-raft half-way to shore, with flashing oars made silver by the water and the sun, and Castalla lying helpless, gleaming virid as the coppered roof of La Madeleine; and again, farther to the north, the sheds and the more distant houses of the settlement. Down hill we go, with a pleasant breeze now rising in our face, to the hospitable camphouse, where a gentle shepherdess has a welcome and a meal, and her own gracious company awaiting us.

As some small set-off against the dun-colored wastes, many of the islets are covered with the giant tussac grass, which grows in huge tufts, far higher than a man, and forms a first-rate food for cattle, for which purpose it is regularly gathered. Amongst the tussac, in holes burrowed deep in the earth, live the penguins, of which several varieties are found, the common "jackass" black and white, filling the twilight with discordant brayings, the "rocky," with a yellow tuft upon its head, and the "gentu," with a grebe-like breast, and beak, claws, and top-knot of bright scarlet. Stray specimens of the great king penguin have also been found, but no rookery of them appears to exist. In winter most of these penguins leave their holes and journey to the South American continent, making their mysterious passage with that instinctive surety which leaves man so far behind, and they will return next season to inhabit the very burrows they deserted, some of the birds having been marked by the settlers before migration for purposes of observation.

When pursued they rush for their holes, flippers waving, and looking much like a crowd of irate barristers, or plunge into the waves, diving in long sweeps beneath the water with great strength and swiftness. The foolish jackass, although providing itself with a snug nursery, makes its nest and lays two or three eggs at the mouth of its hole. The eggs are some-

times eaten, being by no means so fishy as might be supposed, but rather flavorless in comparison with a hen's egg. The gentu lays an egg about four times the size of a hen's egg, with a shell of a beautiful blue-green color, and a blood-red yolk. These answer well enough for cooking purposes, coloring everything with a rich apricot tint. The large white eggs of the mollyhawk, or mollymauk, a bird of the albatross kind, are considered better than those of the penguin; and that there is some demand for the various kinds may be gathered from the fact that a schooner, laden with eggs, recently returned from the West Falkland Island to Stanley and sold her cargo within a few hours at the rate of sixteen shillings a hundred. Hens' eggs are scarce in that settlement. The eggs of the tern and oystercatcher slightly resemble the plovers' eggs, which are destroyed wholesale by London epicures. There is a great variety of gulls round the islands, and several kinds of carrion birds, which perform a useful office in devouring the refuse of the thousands of sheep slaughtered annually, but some of which are detestable to the settlers from their treatment of the young lambs, whose eyes they will pluck out at the moment of birth. Gunpowder warfare has therefore been waged with them, and their numbers have greatly diminished; still, the fringed wings of the "Johnny Rook" are seen hovering aloft, and the crafty eye of the turkey-buzzard (a different bird from his American namesake) marks its prey at closer quarters when killing is going on. These birds are incredibly impudent, and have been known to carry off a knife laid down for a moment during skinning operations.

The "stinker" and sea-hen are aquatic birds of a dirty brown color. A white "stinker" was once reported, but is at any rate extremely rare. Shags abound; also the logger-head or steamer-duck, which, when disturbed, flaps clumsily through the water, churning up the foam in its wake. This bird, like several other amphib-

ous ones, has a hard yellow excrescence like a corn on the joint of the wing, where the friction of the water is chiefly felt. The male logger-heads fight tremendously, and will even drown a vanquished foe by holding its head under water.

Amongst the land birds are the kelp and upland geese, the latter edible, but resembling rather rabbit than the fat stubble goose of Ingoldsby; they may pass, however, with sage and onions, and imagination, and afford some sport, although it is almost necessary to knock them over with the gun-stock before they will rise. We may recall Captain Kennedy's famous bags, chronicled for the stirring up of stay-at-home scepticism, and including such an item as geese twenty thousand. Yet the geese still prevail, walking fearlessly about the settlements, and eating, under the very eyes of the farmer, the grass he destined for his muttons.

The men-of-war have shot off most of the rabbits with which the charts credit some of the settlements; indeed the only rabbit we ourselves saw was a tame one in a shepherd's cottage. This rabbit, caught by the children in its wild infancy, is more like a lop-eared specimen of the tame kind than our prick-eared fellows in English burrows. This, however, is easily explained, for it seems that the wild rabbits in the Falklands resulted from tame ones let loose in the early days of the colony.

The fresh water teal is the best bird for sport and for eating, and has given a name to several of its haunts, such as Teal Creek and Teal Inlet on the East Falkland, and Teal River on the West. Snipe, too, may be found; and a settler some years ago sent some home by a frozen-meat ship to his friends, who could at will astound their guests with the same in the height of the London season.

The shooting of the wild cattle, descendants from the first with which the islands were stocked, used to form great part of the sport of the Falklands, exciting in proportion to the

risk—no small one—of being unhorsed under the onslaught of a furious bull. There are many tales of narrow escape, one of the most thrilling concerning a hunter who was thrown from his horse by a bull at which he had unsuccessfully fired. Before he could rise again the bull charged him, giving him little time even for that bird's-eye view of his misdemeanors which is said to be offered to us all when in a similarly tight corner of this life. He went up into the air on the beast's horns, as was inevitable, but not impaled, for by a marvellous chance, and to give him time for repentance may be, he had been caught by his leather belt, and the bull and he could not get rid of each other. This was not at all the bull's game, and he started to plunge across the camp-land bellowing with fury. Certainly there is nothing like leather, for the belt held, and they travelled thus for miles, as it seemed, though not much power of computation could be left to any one whose brains were being rattled in his skull in such a progress.

But in a gleam of recollection the captive remembered his sharp knife in the sheath at his waist, and drawing it out he contrived, half shorn of strength though he was, to hack at the throat of the beast, to go on hacking till the bellowing was choked with gore, and the brute fell dying in its blood-stained track.

Whatever one may have seen in the Falklands, however, the strongest impression is ever of tearing wind and weather unforeseen, of thick blackness and straining canvas, and weary wearing of the ship in the teeth of the gale, with the rocks on either hand, in an impenetrable midnight. And the moral to the tale is pointed in many harbors by the ribs of lost vessels, now a mass of weed and shell and resting sea-birds. Some of the local craft are still afloat, it is true—Fair Rosamond, with the R.Y.S. upon her rubber deck-mats, recalling her yachting sisterhood with the Queen Eleanor, and the *Fortuna*, Mr. Adrian Hope's beautiful yacht, purchased by the

Falkland Islands Company in 1893. Yet who can hope for their long life who sees the dismasted hulks converted to base uses in Stanley Harbor, or hears the water washing through the rents in poor Castalia's sides? One might go far afield in speculation concerning the vagaries of the tempests which war around this land of derelicts and Cape Horn. Can the meeting of those two great oceans—differing so widely as they do, after their vast severance by the New World—be concerned in these enigmas? or do the cooling peaks of mighty Andes destroy the equilibrium of the air-strata, goading them into an irreconcilable confusion? *Quien sabe?*

K. A. PATMORE.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
WOLD JIMMY AND ZAIREY.

Old Jimmy and Zairey Manney were well known to all Barleigh folks, but as their cottage stood some distance off the highway, to the right of the first acclivity on the Suckton road, they were not often seen in Barleigh. The cottage had been tenanted by several generations of Manneys; Jimmy was born in it, and thence, at the age of sixteen, he ran away to go down to the sea in ships. Manney after Manney had lived and died in Barleigh, and his parents ever afterwards were continually bickering as to the source of the errant strain which they considered disgraced the Manney blood. When he was next seen in the village he was a tanned and bearded man, with a turn of speech and strange oaths that were a wonder in Barleigh. If I may trust the greybeards, no other Barleighan up to that time had ever been a mariner, and for weeks a goodly company gathered nightly in the "Blue Boar" to listen to his strange experiences. Barleigh swallowed invention and fact with the same sublime credulity; they were prepared to believe anything of "Chaney and they world-end parts."

It was love that overcame the wanderer in him. He never went to sea again. He told Sarah Best that she was the sweetest maid to be found the world over, and he had seen the maids of all countries. Sarah, who had never seen the ocean, but had a great horror of it, nevertheless, became his bride on the understanding that "he would never put foot on salt water again."

Jimmy took his bride to the ancestral home, which they shared with his widowed father, and found employment as road-mender. When the old man died, a year later, the furniture, two cows and a pig fell to him, and the young people were well-to-do according to the Barleigh standard.

Two sons were born to them. The inherited taint manifested itself, and they both ran away to sea within three years of each other. Jimmy, the eldest, shipped as cabin-boy on board a Baltic barque, and never returned from his first voyage. Robert, who was more imaginative, betook himself to the navy, and had to retire after a Gold Coast engagement with one leg and a shattered right hand. He came home, but Barleigh was too dull for him, and after a few weeks he made his way to Portsmouth. After vain endeavors to face the world again he was admitted into a Sailors' Home, and his parents never saw him again. It was a cup of sorrow in the old folks' lives; they had taken a magnificent pride in their sturdy sons, who were to be the stout props on which they were to lean in their old age. Now the props were wanting, and the bitterness of it ate deep into their hearts.

Jimmy was strong and robust, and he worked for over thirty years on the Barleigh and Suckton highway—a short, ruddy-faced man with keen eyes and a tongue of homely wit. With the two cows and a few pigs and the twelve-and-six a week he accounted himself a happy man, and prided himself on his magnificent constitution that had so long defied the rains and snows and biting winds that

swept over the moorland. But Nemesis lies in wait for the peasant, and sooner or later, unless he is greatly beloved by the gods, he has to succumb. There are few men who brave nature in all her moods, day after day, that she fails to conquer at last.

One memorable Friday, when he was near his seventieth birthday, he was at work on the highway when a sudden storm of rain was driven up from the sea. It was the open moorland and there was no shelter, and he went quietly on with his work while the rain drenched him through and through. But he recked not of it; for years he had laughed at the weather. The cloud passed, and the sun broke forth with cheery warmth, and he reached home "only a bit dampish." On the Sunday morning he was taken with a shivering fit, and could not go to church—the first time he had missed for a dozen years. After dinner, sitting, as was his custom, in the arm-chair near the fire, he turned pale, and, rising up, staggered out, saying he had not milked the cow. Zairey followed him, and found him clinging to the pig-sty. "He felt a bit 'mazed," he said.

With a strength born of fear she got him up-stairs and put him to bed. He lay unconscious for six weeks with inflammation of the brain, and when at last he was convalescent, he was but a shadow of the sturdy road-maker, and with a weakened mind that altogether failed him at times.

He never worked again. Husband and wife had been harmoniously frugal, and behind a loosened brick in the great chimney was a purse containing thirty pounds. But the sickness, with its consequent expenses—Zairey would have died rather than plead poverty to the doctor when his bill, "eight pounds fifteen shillings," had to be paid—had made a great hole in it. When Jimmy had been an invalid for a year there was but a few pounds left, and Zairey suddenly realized that she was an old woman whose natural force was fast abating.

"What shall us do, Zairey? what

shall us do?" was the burden of the old man's complaint, as he sat in the chimney-corner in the long autumn evenings watching his wife, frail and worn herself, as she knitted unceasingly.

Zairey kept a brave front to him. It was only in solitude that she was abject before the approaching shadow. "The Lord'll provide, Jim. We've bin blessed in the world's goods zo far, and the Lord'll provide." Zairey's tone was cheerful, and Wold Jimmy's ears were dulled and could detect no quaver in it.

"The things be gwain, my maid," the old man would say in a pitiful attempt to face the possibilities.

"Don't 'ee grumble now. We've the cow and the heifer and a vew pounds left. P'raps the Lord'll zee fit to take us boöth at oncet afore it be all gone. Don't 'ee worry."

Jimmy looked at his shrunken arms mournfully. "And I was zo strong as a harse afore I took thik cold. Just a wetten, zame as a score ov times, and now zo weak as watter. The ways ov things, the ways ov things! If we can get through the winter wi' what we have p'raps they'll take I—"

"Do 'ee be quiet and don't 'ee trouble."

"Iv it should come to that—" Jimmy stopped and cast a fearful look in the direction of Suckton. At Suckton was the place of "Damnation." It is ever the skeleton at the peasant's banquet.

Zairey laughed. "The bemoamen ways ov men! What pore creatures ye be! Just 'ee repeat the twenty-third Psalm, Jimmy Manney, and let that be sufficient vor 'ee."

Zairey did not break down until she was alone. She had seen "Damnation" when it was yet farther off, and she sent one oft-repeated prayer up to heaven: "May it please 'ee, Lord, to ze fit to take we boöth togeder thease winter."

The spring came and Wold Jimmy's arms were more shrunken still, and his gait was a feeble totter. Asthma had racked him all through the winter,

and had left him another goodly stage nearer helplessness. Zairey came through the winter with the burden of many years added to her load, and the Lord had seen fit to take neither of them that winter. She comforted herself with the thought that graves were dug in the summer likewise.

In the following summer they sold the cow and helper and their front room furniture. The proceeds carried them through the winter and the earlier days of spring. They were very near to damnation now.

Mrs. Pointon, Mrs. Grantumen, and a few others went to condole with the old couple. The same fate might be theirs, for aught they could tell, with the feebleness of old age, and the blow that felled another produced in them a tremor of disquietude.

Mrs. Pointon, for one, shed tears over them, and the old man lifted his skinny arms. "It be wonnerful, ma'am, what a spell ov sickness do," he cried in a querulous treble. "Thease was mighty pow'ful a yer or two agwone. It be hard, ter'ble hard!"

"And why shouldn't us?" Zairey said pertly, when "Damnation" was named. "We've paid rates and taxes reglar, zo reglar as clockwork, vor nigh vorty yer. We've paid our share, and we've a right to the best in the workus. When we've paid why shouldn't us have the benefit? We've paid vor others, and we've paid reglar."

"We knows 'ee have a right to it, and to zomethen a zight better," said Mrs. Pointon. "But it be ter'ble hard vor 'ee both, that be what we zay, after liven togeder man and wife zo long. And to go ther and be parted at last! It do zim hard."

"I baint zayen it be pleasant and a vurst-rate plaáce, zo like we was gwain to the zquire's; but we've paid vor it. Nobody can up and zay, 'You haven't a right here,' zeén as we've paid vor it times and agen!"

The visitors looked at one another with a mournful shake of the head. They had come to offer sympathy to

those whom a fate worse than death was to befall, and it seemed as if the position was reversed, and Zairey was endeavoring to comfort them.

"But 'ee'll vind it hard," Mrs. Pointon repeated. "Pore Wold Jimmy'll vind it hard down to—there. You'll not be better thought of becos you've paid vor it zo long. It be ter'ble."

"Zo it be, zo it be, ma'am," chimed in the old man in his pitiful quaver. "Strong, and worked hard. And my strength went like watter—like watter, ma'am."

"There, don't 'ee trouble, wold man," said Zairey with a laugh. "As 'ee haven't been able to smoke lately, not haven bacca won't hurt 'ee, and as for beer, why, 'ee can drink watter and think it zider."

The visitors left, sorely puzzled, and before nightfall all Barleigh knew of "Wold Zairey's" indifference. Nobody could believe that there was any person in Barleigh who could face calmly the woeful ignominy of the workhouse.

But Zairey had other words and another face when her neighbors were gone. "My man, my wold man," she cried in a tempest of agony. "we be come to the workus at last. We be disgraced at last, my man. We be gwain to the workus. And we worked hard—nigh vorty yer—and zaved—and held our heads zo high—the workus at last vor 'ee, wold man."

"Don't 'ee take on, Zairey," said the old man soothingly. "I be strongish yet, and there be work to be had. We'll zell the cow."

"Zell the cow? What cow? Didd'n we zell it last yer—and the helper too? We've nothing left, nothen but the workus."

She passed the night sobbing and crying, while the old man, whose keen days of anguish were gone, slept peacefully at her side. But the next morning, when she went into the village to make her last purchase at the grocer's, she met all condolence with the same brave words.

"Workus! why should us care? It baint as iv we be paupers. We've

paid rates and taxes vor vorty yer, and we've a right to the best in the workus. Why should us mind, zeën as we baint paupers?"

The following Monday was the day fixed for the sale of their few household goods, after which they were to make that last journey together. The district visitor called, at the vicar's request, on the preceding Saturday, and was greatly relieved to find that there was not a hard task before her.

"Yours is quite the proper spirit, Mrs. Manney," she said with smiling graciousness. "The union is food, and shelter, and comfort to those who are obliged to enter it, and, as you say, you have a perfect right to its privileges."

"Mrs. Manney murmured, "Yes, ma'am," very meekly, but her eyes gleamed.

"And," went on the district visitor, her imagination on fire with the poetry of the picture, "they take *such* care of the poor aged folks in Suckton Union. Books! and papers! and a lovely Christmas dinner! and ladies to read good books to them! and a clergyman to preach to them! and *such* a nice dress! It really distresses me when poor people are so misguided as to object to go in the Union. It is an insult to the good kind people who find the money to support it, and besides, it is disobeying the Bible, which tells us we are to be content in that state to which it has pleased God to call us. Union! why the very word itself is a most beautiful one."

"Yes, ma'am," said Zairey, a little grimly.

"And you will have old people like yourself to talk to, and you will be as happy as the day is long. You ought to be really thankful that God has chosen *such* a place for you."

"Yes, ma'am, zo I be—very thankful." Zairey was looking out of the window, and in her mind's eye saw Suckton Workhouse in all its beauty. She shivered a little, but her tone was quiet and grim. "I should ha' been pleased iv the Lord had zeën fit to take we togeder, but Him not doen zo, the

workus be the best. And I hopes, ma'am, that vor all your kindness to we, *you* may vind a home in the workus when you gets wold."

The district visitor looked up sharply. But Zairey's look was all innocent sympathy, and not a shade of irony was to be detected. "Yes, yes, Mrs. Manney," she said hurriedly. "Whatever—whatever the Lord calls me to. And now I must be going. I shall come to see you on Monday. There are two little tracts here which I am sure will do you good. This one, "A Meek and Lowly Heart," is very suitable, very suitable. The vicar will be pleased to hear that you are so willing to look upon the matter in a proper light. Good-afternoon, Mrs. Manney, and never forget that all is for the best."

"Gopd-avternoon, ma'am. And may the Lord bless 'ee. I veel zure that he will—vor thease avternoon."

Zairey took up the wooden chair on which the district visitor had been seated, as if it were reeking with nameless horrors, and having carried it out into the garden, threw a few buckets of water over it. Taen she carefully swept the floor, keeping time to the words, "May-the-Lord bless 'ee." And then, having done, she sat down and cried and sobbed again.

The district visitor reported to the vicar that she had been to see the Manneys. The old man took little notice, but Mrs. Manney was in a very proper frame of mind, and was quite cheerful at the thought of the Union. It was a pleasing contrast to the unthankful behavior of most in the same circumstances.

"I am very glad, Miss Geal. I feared there would be a storm," said the vicar. "I hope the neighbors won't go and upset her."

"I hope not," said the district visitor. "It is quite cheering to me to find one of these poor families who can take a rational view of the matter."

Mrs. Manney was up early on the Sunday morning. "Get up, my man,"

she said to her husband, "we be gwaïn to church thease marnen vor the las' time, my man, the las' time. P'raps iv we pray togeder in the church the Lord 'll zee fit to take we togeder at once. The las' t'ime, my man; on'y another day where we lived zo long! On'y another day!"

"We'll gwo togeder, Zairey," said Wold Jimmy, "and I'll zeek vor work in the marnen. Have 'ee milked thease marnen?"

It was more than a mile to church, and a very tiresome journey. Wold Jimmy could only drag himself along by the aid of his stick and his wife's arm. But she was sublimely patient—it was for the last time.

They were a strange-looking couple, and their appearance did not spell tragedy. Zairey had put on her silk dress with its wide skirt—a treasured relic of her former greatness—and her best bonnet, that was new twenty years before. It was only on special occasions that she adopted that costume—the black silk was too elegant for ordinary wear. Time was when that black silk had excited the envy of her neighbors, a black silk being the hallmark of prosperity. Wold Jimmy was dressed in his broadcloth, which had been his Sunday uniform for fifteen years, and in which he looked like a lord, Zairey had often remarked. Now it hung on his shrunken figure like an empty sack.

The old man slept through the greater part of the service. Zairey looked dejected at first, but after a time sat upright with a smile on her face. She had found comfort in the service.

When the service was over she got up to go, but sat down again, and, presently, led her husband up to the altar to take communion together. It was for the last time.

When it was over they took leave of acquaintances who lived at a distance, and Zairey tossed up her head "as pertsome as when she was a young maid," said Mrs. Grantumen.

"All who can will 'ee come to zee we th' morn?" she said. "It'll be a long

time avore we come to Barleigh again very likely."

The vicar passed and complimented them on being so cheerful and resigned, and then, after some hand-shaking, they left the churchyard. Mrs. Pointon made them come in as they passed her house to "have a bit ov somethen," and I had my first and last glimpse of Mr. and Mrs. Manney.

"I'll call and zee 'ee to-morrow," called Mrs. Pointon, as they went down the garden path.

She told me all about it after dinner. "It be strange, zur, but Wold Zairey allus did have a dread ov the workus, and now she be like thease, zo pleased as pleased because they be gwaïn there. It do be strange, zur."

Mrs. Pointon startled me about ten o'clock the next morning by rushing into my room, and after saying, "Oh, zur!" bursting into tears.

"Oh, zur—Wold Jimmy and Zairey. She have been hidden it vrom we all. It have druv her mad. Oh dear!

"She smothered Wold Jimmy last night wi' the pillow, zur, and then she hang herself on the stairs. Varmer Wenton's man Zam vound 'em thease marnen when he went to help with the things. Oh dear!

"And avore she did it she wrote it all down in chalk on the table, and why she did it. And she hided it vrom we all. God help us, zur. I wish there were no workhouses!"

I saw Zairey's last message, chalked in great printed characters on the table. It ran, "We baint gwaïn to the workus, I shall kill my wold man and myself, and zo the Lord will have to take we togeder. The furnisher will bury us. No workus vor we. Zairy Manney."

ORME AGNUS.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
PHILOMELE.

Of the two sisters the eldest, Marguerite de Vieilleville, was evidently

the favorite. We are told at length of her manifold perfections, together with those of the young d'Espinay, her gallant husband, whose debonair encounter under the walls of Boulogne with Lord Dudley's eldest son (neither youngster being yet out of his teens) set every kerchief fluttering. The Royal Servitor devotes at least a dozen pages of his painstaking manuscript to elucidate the rare virtues, transcendent beauty, and incomparable excellence of this fair daughter of this illustrious house of Scépaux, whereas her younger sister, Philomèle, he dismisses in as many lines. To be sure the honors are not niggardly dealt out in that brief space, and we learn with pleasure that our heroine, like Charles of Orleans's mistress, was gentle and good and fair. She was, moreover, of a pleasing modesty, accompanied by so much grace and youth and fair courtesy, and a voice so heavenly sweet (in harmony with her name) that no one could desire better.

And what better could one desire. Or so at least it would seem until brought into contrast with those other dazzling portraits of the time, sketched by courtier pens whose extravagance their grim Huguenot critics do not fail to fall foul of. "Not sufficient," say they, "for these glutton courtiers and fulsome flatterers, the comparison of their idols to things terrestrial, such as roses, lilies, coral, ivory, pearls, and so on through the whole floral calendar and lapidary's stores, but they must needs climb high heaven, rifle the sun of his rays, the moon of her silver disk, and steal colors supernal from the morning orb, which in their heathen gibberish they style the aurora. Waxing bolder, nothing now remains but to pass beyond, and trespassing upon holy ground seek out their blasphemous hyperboles amidst the very angels, archangels and saints in glory!"

Of a verity, to believe those high-flown panegyrists, the courts of love and beauty over which Queen Catherine de Medicis presided, must have been fairly besieged by celestial

shapes. In such a press it was only to be expected that the mere mortal should step down. Mademoiselle de Vieilleville was no startling beauty, we are fain to admit. It was not for her to vie with the dazzling goddess-like splendor which radiated from Madam Marguerite of France, or to stand in the light of that other golden-haired beauty of Catherine's court, Madam Mary, the young Queen of Scots. Nevertheless, she possessed her own naïve charm which lingers still, like the scent of a rose plucked long ago and left forgotten between the covers of Maître Carloix' musty old document. The dry leaves are fast falling to dust, yet even now, as one fingers them tenderly, there comes wafted back the faint sweet aroma of the queen's garden at Fontainebleau. Who knows but that we hold that very rose of a morning celebrated by Ronsard?

Mademoiselle de Vieilleville shared at least in one accomplishment with the peerless Queen of Scots: she sang in the sweetest of voices to the accompaniment of her lyre. For the rest, fancy pictures a slight young French girl, delicately pale and gracefully shy, like many daughters of her race, Brown or black the tresses (as we imagine) which mademoiselle wears, brushed off her smooth white forehead and caught back through a fillet of pearls after the fashion observed in portraits of the time. Brown her eyes also, under their long lashes, and clear as any child's. Yet think not to read at a glance this seeming transparency, or rudely summon the hidden thoughts, motives, hopes, and fears which garrison young Philomèle's white bosom behind her stiff gold-embroidered bodice and ruff of Flemish lace.

Was she, in point of fact, that fair enthusiastic girl whom we invoke for the honor of maidenhood? Or must one accept literally the account handed down by our chronicler (with some apologies to be sure), of a cold coquette, wise and worldly beyond her years? And there is still the other

theory, for those who seek farther, of pressure brought to bear on a young girl's inclination through the secret practices of the torture-chamber which are not yet obsolete, it is pretended, and were certainly efficacious in Catherine's hands. "I scarcely dared speak to the queen, my mother," writes Marguerite of Valois, referring to her childhood; "and when she looked at me I trembled lest I might have done something to displease her."

But to resume our Carloix, who, after all, holds the only possible clue to the mystery, if mystery there be.

It befell in the winter of 1556, by an inclement season and roads deep in snow, that the Sire de Vieilleville, future marshal of France and father of the sisters Marguerite and Philomèle, was on his way up from Metz, where he held the post of military governor, to pay his court at Saint Germain. With him rode a certain young Provençal, De Saulx, or Sault, by name, of the illustrious stock of the Saulx-Tavannes, who had served under the said Seigneur through the memorable siege of Metz (the glory of French arms), and been enabled to verify the true temper of his steel, not in action only but also in idleness, which is sometimes the severer test.

So it came to pass that, as these two were conversing by the way, the elder let drop a discreet hint to the purport that his second daughter, Philomèle (then enrolled among the queen's maids), had not yet been promised in marriage, and was not, perchance, beyond the reach of one who, like his young friend, stood well in the sight of honor and in the estimation of M. de Vieilleville.

You may be sure that this young gentleman could hardly believe his ears at first, so incredible seemed his good fortune. But finding they had not deceived him he jumped from his horse, and falling on his knees at his companion's stirrup swore, then and there, eternal gratitude, love, and obedience. In such amicable accord and good understanding the travellers ar-

rived at Saint Germain; and presently, when Mademoiselle de Vieilleville, accompanied by the governess of the queen's maids, came in to salute her father, behold at his elbow a dashing young gallant, smiling and blushing and bowing to the ground, whose pretensions were as much in evidence as the feathers in his bonnet, of which he displayed an amazing profusion.

Thenceforth the queen's presence-chamber knew no more assiduous dangler than M. le Comte de Saulx. Nor was one ever better received by its laughter-loving, sweet-toothed inmates, among whom he scattered his sweet words and sweetmeats with equal success. Whether he was fortunate in winning the smiles of his shy young mistress history sayeth not, though 'tis on record that more than one would right willingly have changed places with her. It only remained for the gallant Provençal to show his address in those games of skill and athletic sports which were as much the rage of that day as of our own, and a sure road to court-favor. And this he did not fail to achieve, carrying off the prize three times out of five; besides leading the dance at a court-ball with so much grace, spirit, and agility that crowds followed him about, and a new figure, adapted from the farandole of his native Provence, had a prodigious run, and was long known under the title of *La Volte de Sault*.

In this manner the months of December and January sped merrily along to the satisfaction of all. But early in February important affairs, connected with a great land-suit which was then pending, called M. de Vieilleville up to Paris, and upon him, as by duty and courtesy bound, attended his future son-in-law. They were not detained long, thanks to his Majesty's letter of recommendation and other potent influences which the seigneur was enabled to bring to bear on the law's delay; yet brief as was this interval, scarce more than a fortnight, it took no longer to overcast our lover's fair prospect, and scatter the

roses that erstwhile so sweetly lined his path.

In plain prose a rival had seized the occasion to steal a march upon him, one Duilly by name, of the noble house of Châtelet (my Lord High-Seneschal of Lorraine's eldest son), who, with his father and a crowd of Lorraine gentlemen, had followed M. de Vaudemont when he came up to Saint Germain to fulfil his marriage contract with the Demoiselle de Nemours. Now Messieurs Châtelet, father and son, had long cast covetous eyes on the Vieilleville connection, being fully cognizant of its value. Resolved to win by fair means or foul they were not above availing themselves of Sire Renard's arts, and after quitting Lorraine, travelled out of their way to Metz, where, in all honor and tranquillity, resided the Dame de Vieilleville during her husband's absence. To this lady, with a thousand respectful observances and complimentary speeches, my Lord Seneschal broached his project of a match between their children, asserting that M. de Vieilleville had already given it his sanction and promise of a settlement so soon as they should meet at court, whither he and his son were journeying with that object in view. Before going further, however, he had desired to consult the wishes of madam herself, feeling persuaded that the mother's prerogative in an affair of marriage was no less cogent than that of the father. It was a sentiment which did M. le Seneschal honor, and could not fail to ingratiate him with the good lady; all the more, perhaps, as it was one which that illustrious seigneur, her spouse, does not appear to have shared. In fact, so little uxorious (we imitate the Lord Servitor's wise discretion) was the said seigneur in his conjugal relations that hitherto he had not deemed it necessary to take madam into his confidence with regard to M. de Saulx. This poor lady, it would seem, was the very last to be informed of news which had already travelled as far as Lorraine; and small blame to her, say we, for the error she fell into, either

through ignorance or instigated by a little natural spirit of retaliation. Certain it is that she lent a willing ear to her neighbor's proposal; and at parting young Duilly was suffered to carry away with him a letter of introduction to her daughter, wherein his admirable qualities and the mother's high appreciation were categorically set forth.

The young gentleman now lost no time in hastening up to court, where he arrived at the opportune moment of M. de Vieilleville's absence, and proceeded to drive his suit at a furious pace. That old fox, his father, meanwhile, was no less busy currying favor among the great, notably in the Lorraine coterie of which Mademoiselle de Nemours made one at present, and would have been delighted to secure Vieilleville's company on her approaching wedding-journey. Meeting this latter one day in the queen's apartment the gay young bride accosted her by the name of "milk-sister" (the two having fed at the same board for upwards of four years), and called out to her in a merry voice, so as to be heard by all, that when in doubt a maid could not do better than give the preference to Lorraine, for there were no husbands so good as those that came out of that country—witness, her own choice; nor was any road so pleasant to travel in the springtime of the year as the one that led thither.

Thus it was that Dame Fortune, who relishes nothing better than upsetting lovers' calculations, played her cruel trick upon M. de Saulx. But faint heart never yet won fair lady, and, quickly rallying, the Provençal threw himself into the breach with all imaginable ardor. Justice and honor were both ranged on his side, supported by a father's authority; whereas M. de Duilly relied solely on the mother, whose letter he had taken the precaution of opening before delivery and been greatly encouraged by its perusal.

Carnival was now approaching, and the gay world a-gog as usual for

merry-making. Balls, masques, tilt-ings, and tournaments were the order of the day, and the gallant part played in each by Mademoiselle de Vieilleville's brave suitors soon divided this joyous court into two camps, one favoring Provence, the other crying up Lorraine. Like many of his countrymen (including the great family of Guise) M. de Duilly was of a fair complexion, yet withal tall, well-shaped, and hardy with the best. His cool address and self-possession in moments of emergency offered a striking contrast to the fire of his southern rival, which seemed destined to win if only by irresistible impetuosity. Howbeit on more than one occasion it happened that Lorraine proved his match, even in the tiltyard, where De Saulx had hitherto carried everything before him. In like manner La Volte de Sault suffered something of an eclipse through the popularity of a new dance, entitled Bransles du Haut-Barrois, in which M. de Duilly figured to the admiration of all.

"These two determined competitors," observes Maître Carliolx, "were rivals by nature as much as by circumstance. They continually spurred one another on to greater effort, begrudging no sort of trouble or expense in their desire to excel. At court nothing was heard of but the admirable exploits, the audacious encounters, splendid festivities, and gala doings both on land and water (accompanied by sumptuous collations of fruits, rare and exquisite, and all sorts of marvelous confections) which the brave servitors of Mademoiselle de Vieilleville provided for her gratification, and the delectation of mesdemoiselles her companions."

We hear much, indeed, of these sprightly maids, who evidently lost nothing of their share when pleasure was afoot. But to judge from the accounts handed down, fair Philomèle herself seems to have played a curiously neutral part in the brilliant pageantry. No hint survives of partiality shown by her to either eager competitor; no suggestion, even, of that

pretty girlish coquetry which would have been only natural in the circumstances. Question it as we may, the pale young face still smiles back to us across the centuries with its air sweet and inscrutable, like that of Leonardo's Mona Lisa smiling out of the painted canvas. Possibly the poor child's thoughts are more intent on studying her father's commands than in lending encouragement to either ardent suitor; or she knits her innocent brows over her mother's ambiguous letter with an assiduity which their most impassioned love-songs fail to invoke.

And still the balance hung suspended, neither party gaining the advantage. Events were hurrying on, however, and a definite settlement, one way or another, could not long be delayed. Early one morning (all the world appears to have got about its business with the birds in those stirring days) Mademoiselle de Vieilleville received a call to wait upon the king's second daughter, Madam Claude of France. For a description of that gentle and gracious princess we must turn to Brantôme, who depicts her in the heyday of her girlish charms; "So pleasant was she," he writes, "and of so open and sunny a countenance that no one could help loving her at first sight." The summons, then, coming from such a quarter, caused none of those flutterings in the dove-cot which a like invitation to Queen Catherine's redoubtable presence always occasioned. Truth to tell, Madame Catherine did not wholly confine her discipline to moral suasion, inquisitorial though that was, but by dint of sundry sharp nips and downright blows taught her tender maidens the full weight of a queen's hand. Blithe Claude, on the contrary, they regarded almost as one of themselves, a light-hearted girl who stood quite as much in awe of their terrible mistress as any among them. At her bidding, accordingly, our heroine sped away like a bee to the clover field, and arriving in the same breath found the young princess not yet out of bed, making merry

with her waiting ladies in a pitched battle of pillows. But on Philomèle's approach truce was called, and the flushed combatants, one and all, incontinently dismissed, for madam announced that she had need of no one's services at her robing that morning save Vieilleville's alone. So, the room being cleared, and the maid of honor on her knees before her young mistress, madam began speaking in a low and confidential voice.

"You know, Vieilleville," she said, "that my marriage with the Duke of Lorraine is now fully decided upon; and the king, my father, only awaits the conclusion of some important business, which detains him, before going up to Paris to arrange the wedding ceremony. It is to be a very grand event, I am promised, and celebrated with all the pomp and circumstance which used of old times to attend the nuptials of a daughter of the Illies. But oh, my dear, if only you knew how I dread it, and how I tremble at the thought of going away into that far country, among cold, critical strangers, not one of whom knows me or cares the least in the world for me! So happy as I have always been up to this time, here in my own place, among my own people!"

Here Madam Claude paused to shed a few warm drops at the sad reflection, while Philomèle, still kneeling beside her, kissed her hands again and again, her own eyes growing misty in sympathy.

"I know I shall feel miserably homesick at first," the princess resumed, "and all forlorn, like some poor half-fledged bird that has left its nest too soon. But, Vieilleville, give good heed now to what I am about to say, for I have formed a plan in my head, and I count especially on your aid and friendship. Know then that rather than trust myself all alone in that strange country I am resolved to take from your midst six demoiselles, who shall accompany me, making my country their country, loving me as I love them, and living and dying with me. Sweetheart, I leave thee to guess the

name of her I chose before giving a thought to any other! Yes, heart of my heart, 'twas thine; and so I told the queen, my mother; not only because of our joint birthday, which falls together on the festival of Saint Barbara, virgin and martyr, but still more for the love I bear thee. Indeed, and indeed, I swear by God's truth, this love is so deep and so tender that nothing on earth could console me for the loss of it!"

'Twas Philomèle's turn now to sob a little, burying her face in madam's lap under the cloud of brown curls which had escaped from their fillet, not having yet been dressed for the queen's levée.

"And the queen also," Claude hastened to add, "the queen, my mother, approves highly of you, for she has often noticed the pleasant modesty of your demeanor, and other virtues which shine in you. She knows that you are no busybody like many of your companions who gad about back-biting and sowing dissension high and low,—some of them, even, so lost to prudence as to whisper scandal of a certain very great prince and most noble virtuous lady, whose names need not be mentioned. But I happen to know, and will tell you in confidence, that several of these too-glib demoiselles are likely to be sent back to their parents after Easter, with shame for their only portion. However, that concerns neither you nor me. Nor must I forget to tell you, in proof of an affection better than many fine words, that in my marriage-contract (which was drawn up the day before yesterday, your name appears writ fair and large over the title of First Lady-in-Waiting, with an accompanying list of perquisites, pensions, and so on, as long as my arm. And this was done, it may gratify you to learn, by express command of the queen, your gracious mistress; though not at all to my content, let me say, for I was greatly vexed at first that the gift should be permitted to come from any hand but mine. So you see, Vieilleville," the princess concluded, "there is no escape for you.

Good Saint Lorraine claims your vows, and to him you must pay them. Merciful heaven! what then becomes of me and my cherished schemes if you persist in making your pilgrimage into Provence with M. de Saulx, as he proposes? Surely you would not be so cruel as to leave my affection to go begging, and me to regret all the days of my life having loved thee too well?"

So saying Madam Claude threw her arms about Philomèle's neck, kissing and embracing her very tenderly.

"Oh, madam, madam," the young girl stammered, unable to speak another word from her full heart. But recollecting in time her court breeding and the respect which is due to rank, she put a check on her emotions and replied in becoming terms: "Madam and princess, I know not how sufficiently to thank you for the favor you have deigned to show the least worthy of your servants; nor can I imagine to what I owe my good fortune if not to your own unbounded goodness, and to Heaven, which by its influence hath so embellished me in your eyes. Oh, my mistress, sweetest and best," she cried, again forgetting herself, "there is nothing in the wide world I would not do for love of you! I would walk barefooted every step of the road into Lorraine, the sun and the rain on my head, if at the end I might be sure of seeing your face and of hearing your voice. Like that damsel in Holy Writ of whom the preacher told us, "Whither thou goest will I go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Thus these two innocent children, whose years together scarce counted thirty, held sweet converse, hand clasped in hand, and lifted above our wicked world in a kind of angelic rapture. "The Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me," Claude repeated, adopting in her turn that solemn Scriptural phraseology which was on many lips since Catherine had thrown open her doors to M. Théodore de Béze, and other eloquent advocates of the New Doctrine.

But the sunshine of madam's disposition would not long brook a cloud, however slight, and soon, brushing aside her tears, she cried merrily, "Eh! but how about this poor Comte de Saulx?"

For all answer Philomèle continued to gaze, round-eyed, at her young mistress. Truth to tell, our gentle enthusiast had not yet descended from her peroration among the clouds, and the expression of her fair artless visage showed so little consciousness of the part she was called upon to take between two furious suitors, each ready to tear his rival in pieces for love of her, that Madam Claude (whose humor was ever of the liveliest) could not restrain her merriment. She laughed aloud, and girl-like, laughed the more for laughing, joined presently by her companion, who must needs help swell this joyous chorus, though without rightly comprehending its motive. Meanwhile the faces of the Ladies-in-Waiting, who were listening with all their ears at the door, grew longer each moment, for still less could they understand the occasion of such inordinate mirth.

When gravity was re-established, Mademoiselle de Vieilleville began again, blushing a little, yet preserving unabashed the clear, upward look of her candid eyes. "Madam and princess, I cannot deny that I am under great obligations to M. de Saulx, who is a very gallant gentleman, and above the breath of reproach. At the same time I can assure your Highness, on my honor, that no word or act has passed between us that was not authorized by my father; and up to this moment (thanks to the grace of Heaven) I remain entire mistress of my own heart. Nevertheless, madam, the designs of my father, in presenting this young gentleman to me, must be sufficiently well known to you. In short, to cut a long story, I admit that the affair has already progressed so far that our public betrothal is fixed for Wednesday next, that is in three days' time, and the wedding for three days later. As regards M. de Vieille-

villè (whose reputation needs no advocacy of mine, or of any one's, and is honored from one end of France to the other) it only remains to be said that his promised word once given remains as fixed as the stars in their course, and is no more to be turned aside. How, then, would it be possible for me, a child and dependent, to fly in his face, defying his deliberate purpose? On my soul, madam, I should never dare attempt it,—no, not on the longest day of my life! Left to my own resources, poor coward that I am, I foresee that your Highness's gracious design must suffer defeat, and I be deprived of every joy I know. Alas! no hope remains unless my dear mistress herself, out of her charity, and the kindness which she professes for me, shall deign to interpose, and by her sovereign authority bring about the desired change."

Madam Claude asked for nothing better. She jumped up at once, skipping and clapping her hands for joy, and declaring that she must be off without a moment's delay to consult with the queen on ways and means. "Fear nothing, sweetheart," she called back from the threshold, wafting a kiss on her finger-tips, "I'll soon win my own way, as you shall see, and my own first Lady-in-Waiting,—so help me Heaven and my good mother-wit!"

Certainly if any power on earth could remove mountains, 'twas that of the august lady to whom Claude now addressed herself. The day was not an hour older when M. de Vieilleville received word that his Majesty desired speech of him, and on hastening to the royal closet found there, impatiently awaiting his arrival, an august trio, composed of the king's Majesty, Queen Catherine, and Madam Claude of France. Hardly giving him time to make his reverence, an interrogation was straightway opened on the subject of M. de Saulx, with full particulars requested of the hopes or expectations which had been held out to that gentleman.

Now, at court, as elsewhere, honesty

is often found to be the best policy, as well as an excellent safeguard against surprise in ambush. Such was the maxim of this worthy gentleman, at all events, and one from which he saw no cause for deviating on the present occasion. Without beating about the bush he made answer that, subject to the royal will, he had ventured to guarantee his young friend the post of lieutenant-governor under his own command at Metz, besides the promise of a company (having now served his three years), and promotion to the rank and emoluments of a Gentleman of the Chamber.

"So far, so good," quoth the king, adding that the necessary papers should be forthcoming. "But tell me, Vieilleville," he pursued, "has not this fortunate young gentleman been permitted to cherish other hopes more desirable still, and more precious than any you have yet mentioned?"

Now, indeed, the drift of the king's remarks could no longer be mistaken. M. de Vieilleville, however, was resolved on making a bold stand, and did not deny (since his Majesty was good enough to inquire), that a matrimonial engagement of long standing subsisted between the said Comte de Saulx and his second daughter, Philomèle, which had not yet received public announcement, but was none the less binding on both parties. And thereupon he launched out into an eulogy of his proposed son-in-law, whose birth, possessions, valor, good health, good looks, and many other excellent qualities he warmly extolled, winding up by declaring that there was no one to whom he could confide his daughter with greater confidence.

But at this point Queen Catherine, who had hitherto remained silent, broke in. "I see plainly," she cried, "that the Sire de Vieilleville has quite forgotten a certain letter which he wrote to me some four years ago, when first his daughter was committed to my charge. That letter I have still, and find in it, over his proper signature, a complete surrender of his own parental rights in the said young

lady, whom he confides unconditionally to me, to guard and cherish so long as seems good to me, and to dispose of according to my sovereign will, with many other courteous protestations, to the effect that he hopes much from my generous protection and the bounty with which it is known I am in the habit of rewarding those among my maidens whose services have proved agreeable to me. In fine," Catherine declared, facing the seigneur with that majesty of mien which she could so well assume, "I have to inform you that the hand of your daughter is already disposed of. Nothing doubting of my unique authority in this matter, I promised it away several days ago to the Grand-Seneschal of Lorraine, for his eldest son, the young Duilly, of whose personal merit you cannot fail to be informed, as well as of the high dignity, wealth, and puissance of his noble house. I will only add that, in consideration of its kinship with that of Lorraine, into which my own daughter is about to marry, and because of the great sympathy subsisting between this princess and your daughter (which is so tender and constant as to be a marvel to all), it has been decided that the one shall accompany the other into Lorraine in the capacity of First-Lady-in-Waiting, and this over the heads of many whose claims were pressed by very great and powerful protectors, for I can assure you that there has been no lack of applicants for the place. And now that you may know the young girl's own inclination, and how little the constraint put upon it, I leave you to hear the conversation which passed between her and my daughter within this very hour."

Thereupon Madam Claude took up the thread of discourse, recounting her version of the morning's interview with so much grace, heart, and good feeling, that the king was sensibly affected, and Madam Catherine turned aside to wipe her eyes. Indeed, by this time, what between the eloquent loquacity of these ladies' tongues, the respect due to their exalted rank, and

the natural gratification of a parent at hearing his child's praises sung in such high quarters, M. de Vieilleville was fairly at his wits' end. In all sincerity he still adhered to the cause of the generous youth who had been his own free choice, and had received in his heart, as far back as the days of Metz, that endearing title which nature denied when it withheld a legitimate son of his name. Yet much experience of courts could not fail to warn him of the madness of setting himself in opposition to the sovereign will. Imperious eyes were bent upon him, and he did not take long to realize his own situation, or the danger of jeopardizing his young friend's future prospects by an indiscreet advocacy.

Bowing low, accordingly, the seigneur returned grateful thanks for the honor done to him and his in the person of his daughter, and called Heaven to witness that everything he possessed, from his sword and life down to the least of his creatures and last penny in his coffer, was the king's to command. Nevertheless, saving their presence, he could not deny that so summary a dismissal of M. de Saulx appeared to him a hard chance, and he was reluctant that that gentleman should be left in misapprehension of the true bearings of the case.

His Majesty readily admitted the justice of this complaint, but observed that M. Vieilleville need suffer no farther uneasiness on that score, as he would take it upon himself to inform M. de Saulx, of his altered prospects. The young gentleman was thereupon summoned in haste from the tennis-court where he was engaged, and received on the spot the various brevets and other papers in confirmation of his new appointments, besides a gift of two thousand crowns out of the king's privy purse. But alas! hardly had he time to congratulate himself on his good fortune than the thunderbolt fell. By the king's command he was called upon to renounce all claims on the hand of Mademoiselle de Vieilleville, and forbidden, under pain of royal displeasure, so much as to ad-

dress her again, or even approach the frontiers of Lorraine so long as she made that country her residence.

Who has not pitied the fate which overtakes a gallant cavalier when, riding at full tilt, he is brought up by a sudden check and rolls sprawling in the dust? Nothing for it, in such plight, but to pick himself up as best he may, and limping off, sore and mortified, seek out some retired spot in which to nurse his wounds. Farewell to the dear delights of lists and tennis-court; farewell to triumphs in the ball-room, at masquerades, and festivities. No more loitering for him in royal ante-chambers; no more joyous fanfare of the royal chase, or junketings with Catherine's merry maids beneath the greenwood tree and adown silvery river reaches!

"This poor count," declares the veracious historian, "at this news, was greatly taken aback." We can well believe it, and feel naught but sympathy at learning that the unhappy gentleman passed a restless night, belaboring his pillow and cursing the hour that gave him birth. Many a one under like provocation, has done the same before and since. But daylight brought cooler blood, and a wise resolution to get away so soon as possible from the scene of his disaster. Carnival, indeed, was drawing near, and M. de Saulx had little mind to run the gauntlet of unseasonable witticisms. He made haste, then, to bolt the king's bribe, and dispose of his new acquisitions for what they would bring; conscious of no other inconvenience, if we are to believe this naïve recital, than was natural on the depreciation of a forced sale. The point of honor, it is evident, varies to suit different times and customs, whereas dear human nature remains always the same. No one need mistake the angry would-be cynical declaration (confided doubtless to all who would listen) that for his part M. de Saulx deemed himself well escaped, and no such loser, either, when he came to reckon up his profits against the trifle forfeited. Just Heavens! as if there was but one

woman on earth, or he the man to break his heart over such light weight.

"Perish the whole tribe," he anathematizes, low but deep, "from our fine lady of Italy, with her smooth-tongued cajoleries, down to this pretty puppet that jumps so nimbly at her bidding!"

And now, for the last time, behold the rejected suitor, his back finally turned on the perfidious world of courts, wending his moody way into Provence, where lie the paternal estates. Leave has been asked and obtained of the king's Majesty, not forgetting most humble grateful thanks, and dutiful respects as well paid to M. de Vieilleville. In both pockets gold pieces jingle an accompaniment to the prancing of a high-mettled steed, the parting gift of the said seigneur, though not in this instance named after its donor as was customary. But with every allowance made the society of a jilted lover is best to be avoided. It may not prove of the most enlivening on the present occasion, or likely to beguile a lonely road, despite the softening influence of April weather, budding thickets, and the song of cuckoo, lark, and nightingale, which have come to celebrate the triumph of love and spring in the land.

No sooner had M. de Saulx disappeared over the brow of the hill than the betrothals of Mademoiselle de Vieilleville and M. le Grand-Senechal's eldest son were solemnized in the queen's apartment and under her special patronage. King and queen graced the ceremony, assisted by their daughters, the most high, virtuous and excellent Infants, the Ladies Elizabeth, Claude, and Marguerite of France; together with other great princes, princesses, and noble lords and ladies, not forgetting, it is to be hoped, the tip-toeing bevy of queen's maids.

Still more splendid, if less unique, was the marriage which took place a few days later at Paris, following on that of the Demoiselle de Nemours, and making use of the same sumptuous paraphernalia. His Majesty, we are informed, singled out fair Vieille-

ville for special honor by breaking at least a dozen more spearheads on her day than on the one preceding (that of the great duke's sister), besides calling up her father at supper-time to take a seat at his own table among princes of the blood, "whereat," we read, "was no little murmuring and jealousies in certain quarters." The Loyal Servitor spares us no jot of his eloquence when describing these honors and the attendant festivities, "Admirable above all," he writes, "was the spectacle of the ball at night, with its parade of jewels, laces, broidery, and priceless stuffs, both of gold and silver. Truly our eyes fairly winked at the sight, and we were all but blinded by this dazzling display, particularly after supper, when torches were alight in the great hall. I'll warrant thee, those fabulous goddesses and nymphs of legendary times, celebrated by our poets, would scarce dare show their faces in such an assembly, so greatly would their lustre tarnish by comparison, not only in actual beauty, but because of the fine apparel wherewith our ladies know so well how to embellish and set off their charms."

Still less could shy young Philomèle hope to dazzle or eclipse in that bright galaxy. Her place, rather, was among the timorous nymphs and sylphid shapes, half of earth, half air, that fly the garish light, mirroring their beauty in dim woodland pools, or dancing by twos and threes, as one sees them in Corot's pictures, along the margin of silvery streams ere morning mists are lifted.

After all, now our story is done, and proud Lorraine left master of the field, does not a doubt intrude that possibly his triumph may prove less enduring than he deems it? And who shall certify that the wrongs of injured Provence are to pass quite unavenged? Far from M. de Dully, it is true, was any suspicion of such failure, as he led his bride through the mazes of a Bransles du Haut Barrois, her slender right hand close clasped in his own, to hold and direct so long as life lasts. But not to his iron grasp is

it given to force open the petals of the half-blown rose; not for M. le Grand-Senechal's eldest son the lovely blush which suffuses this pale flower as Madam Claude, blithe and radiant, in gold skirts outspread and jewel-spangled bodice, flings a passing smile as she pirouettes down the middle.

From Belgravia.

THE ANCIENT WAY: A TRIVIAL TOPIC.

"Monumentum ære perennius."

This is a very old country, and without knowing or heeding it we are all of us more or less in bondage to the past. Our lives are shaped by what is left to us, and whether we turn to the right or to the left every day was really determined for us untold years ago. County councils—more imperious than emperors—cannot alter it; even they, like the rest of us, must work with what they have. For if one searches among the monuments of the work of the dim forgotten dead, there comes out the curious result that some of the commonest and more ancient of them are still in use every day for their original purpose. There are, of course, carbonized stumps of the piles of lake dwellings, and by those that have the skill there are flint instruments to be found by the score. But one would not call a pocket-knife, or even the stump of a gate-post, a monument. Stonehenge and its brethren are so old that no one knows anything whatever about them, but they can hardly be older than the oldest thing in the country, and that is a country road. Before men build a temple or a town, it is without all contradiction that they must make a way to it. But that the road should remain as a monument when town and traffic have passed away seems at first sight unlikely. Yet it is so.

Now, ancient monuments are very precious things. There is a society to protect them, and there is usually rather more outcry when its owner proposes to touch one than when a dozen or so Englishmen are shot down

in Africa. To practical people the ancient monument is dear, because it supplies a reason for archaeological picnics, and papers afterwards before (more or less) learned societies, and even—if fates and the editor are kindly—for an article in one of the magazines. And these people work themselves up into a genuine fever of admiration for the beauties of their monuments, which colors their own lives and those of others, so that at this moment there are men in England ready to compel a quarter of Egypt to remain desert rather than allow the stone floor of an island temple which they have never seen, and never will see, to be periodically flooded by the waters of the Nile. But there are others who value the ancient monument, not so much for its beauty (of a truth it is far more often unbeautiful than not), but for the scraps and fragments of unwritten history which cling to it. Now, when things are desired, their value is proportionate to their scarceness, and the older history gets the less there is of it, and so the more precious it ought to be. Let us see, therefore, whether there are any fragments, even ever so small, to be scraped off that very ancient monument, a country road. But, first of all, is it really so very ancient, after all?

When Mr. Pickwick rode up by coach from Ipswich to Bury St. Edmunds, it took him about three hours, for though the mail-coach of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers is supposed to have gone at least ten miles an hour, that did not allow for stoppages and patches of bad road. Although our ancestors would never have confessed it—a mail-coach drive being considered one of the peculiar glories of Britain—after three hours of it passengers were quite ready to stretch their legs, and began to watch the milestones to the next stopping-place. So, as the coach ran along the broad road between what were then promising young trees, but which have now grown up and arched over the way so as to make it dark at nights and ghostly, all except the unfortunate couple who had the hind seat facing the guard, and got the wind down the back

of their necks, looked steadily ahead towards their destination. They passed (though they did not know it) to the left, buried in a wood, a kind of amphitheatre, of which no man knows the maker or the purpose; but our ancestors, having no imagination to spare except for witches, decided that it was a big bull ring, and so named it. Presently the coach came to the lip of a valley, where the road ran down straight in a steep descent for the better part of a mile, a place not to be adventured at a trot with a light heart. And there in front of them, on the other side of the valley, ought to have been the town they were seeking. Only it was not there at all, but away to the right, looking pretty enough among the trees, which have the mysterious property of hiding themselves away in some manner before you get to them, so as to leave nothing but mean houses and squalid fences. Nevertheless, the road went straight and steep down the face of the hill, paying no regard to the town instead of slanting off to it in a gentle slope. So Mr. Pickwick was carried down one hill and through a brook and up to the top of another hill, where there was a green and cross roads and a sharp turn before he could be driven past the ladies' school on which he made that unlucky raid, through narrow, crooked streets and past a couple of big churches, to his destination. And here it may be said that the reviser and compiler of the posthumous papers of the Pickwick Club has in this instance shown less attention to topography and local detail than he is generally credited with, and though the natives do their best to make things fit in right with Mr. Pickwick's adventures, they cannot manage it satisfactorily anyhow.

Concerning that half-forgotten little town, some things have been written, and many more might be, for there is hardly any collection of habitations except the brand new residential suburb, or the miles of mean streets that cluster round factories in the North and elsewhere, that has not a character of its own which is interesting. One would

be troubled, for instance, to find another town with a public monument (in private grounds) erected to commemorate the fact that Magna Charta was not signed there but somewhere else altogether; nor has even Peebles, which, in the opinion of its inhabitants, in the matter of pure devilment leaves Paris far behind, produced a book by a native author, which triumphantly shows that, even in the eyes of the most giddy follower of pleasure, it is not and cannot be regarded as dull. Our business is not with these things. They belong to the borough, and not to the Ipswich road, away out beyond the Southgate.

Now, why does that unimportant Suffolk road, after going straight along for miles in the most businesslike way, end by making such a despicably bad shot at the town—in fact, not even an “outer,” but a complete miss? Simply because the road was there before the town was, and not as a mere trackway, but a regularly built highway that meant money and expense to divert. It so happens that one of the glories of that little town is, perhaps, the oldest building in the country that remains complete and unaltered as it left the builder's hands. It is a solitary tower of pure Norman work, to which nothing has ever been added and very little has been taken away. The surface of the earth itself has risen eight feet since that tower was built, but compared with the road the tower is a baby. One thing, however, the borough has done to the road, though it could not divert it, and that is to bite a bit out of it. If Mr. Pickwick's coach, instead of turning to the right, had gone straight on along the opposite arm of the cross-ways in the direction of Newmarket, it would soon have come to a stoppage. That the road went on straight once upon a time is pretty clear, and it can be picked up again further on, but it has been blocked in that direction for many a year. And the reason of that is that they were in a way exceedingly sharp men of business in the Middle Ages (quite contrary to what our sentimentalist tell us of the days of chivalry); and the Abbots of St. Edmunds, one of

whom proved more than a match for King John himself in a haggle about fees for the confirmation of his election, were hardly likely to allow the traffic of a main road to go past their walls when it might just as well come through and pay tolls at my lord abbot's gates, and provide guests for the profit of the innkeepers who were my lord abbot's tenants. So, though there was not money enough to build a new and better road down the hill straight to the town, there was enough to block up a mile or more of it and turn the traffic off, and any one who knows the place will appreciate how thoroughly and scientifically this was done.

Since this road is such a very old affair, let us get back as far as history will take us, and see what will be found. Now, the prehistoric period lies at different depths in different countries. Like other things, it depends on the latitude, and is by no means the same, for instance, in Rhodesia as it is in Egypt. There is a history of East Anglia of a sort from its foundation, which the Chronicle, by the way, places impossibly late compared with the other early English kingdoms. Some of it is true and much of it is certainly mere make-up. If by history is meant something definite and certainly localized in time and place, then history in West Suffolk goes back through kings and abbots and parliaments, and a “mysterious murder in high life,” that nowadays would have been a fortune to the newspapers, and a battle or two of which very little is said, onward to the days of King Edward the Confessor. There it begins to get misty, but still, in a way, it is possible to go back to King Cnut, who, if one may judge old men by modern motives, was an exceedingly clever statesman with a terribly long memory, and if he could be resuscitated would make an excellent colonial secretary. Beyond that, things get very dim indeed, and no one seems to do anything sensible; but right away at the very end—placeless and dateless, without ancestors and without posterity—is a figure labelled Bederic, of whom all that is known is that he was

there before the Abbey of St. Edmunds. Now, concerning this Bederic, it is best to believe that he never existed. Mr. Pickwick would, of course, have accepted him in good faith, as he doubtless accepted King Arthur. But the more we learn the less we know, and the principle that an impossible tale does not become credible, however many years back it may be put, has taken nearly all the picturesque out of history. Taking up the road, then, at the beginning of history at the time of the mythical Bederic, and filling in the piece bitten out, it was very much as it is now, except, of course, that it was in no sort of repair and there were no hedges. Whether there were any dwellings round the green at the cross roads is uncertain; the age of foundations is a terrible thing to determine. But if there were, they moved off under the shelter of the abbey walls, or, rather, within the circuit of the abbey thorn hedge, when that was established. And now, having got beyond the reach of records, it is necessary to go by the nature of things; and the first thing to do is to construct a map of the country as it was in the time of the Roman overlordship and before the coming of the English. The common or grammar school map of *Britannia Antiqua* is not of the least use. That is a beautifully-colored affair, with *Flavia Cæsariensis* and so forth upon it in large capitals and *Londinium* in small capitals. *Camulodunum* is certainly in the wrong place, and *Venta Icenorum* doubtful by some miles. But what is worse, the coast line is just the same as in this present year of jubilee. There is no shipway inside Thanet and no island where the Goodwins are now. The mouths of rivers, which were known to be open as late as five hundred years ago, are drawn blocked as now, the lost land of the Norfolk coast is not given, and so little appreciation is shown of the Fenland that the Ouse runs into the sea (per the *Eau Brink*) at Lynn, instead of at Wisbech, as it used to do. The thing is really no better than what one can make off-hand by the simple process of striking out every name that bears

marks of an English or Danish origin. Out go the wicks and wiches, the hams and tons, the wells and steads, and still more the thorps and bys of the incomers from Germany and Scandinavia. What is left? The result is a curious one; what is left are, roughly speaking, the capitals of the counties. That is the effective way of putting it. The more accurate way would be to say that there are left about one or two places in each county whose names show them to be of the Roman time or older, and whose sites, more often than not, are the same as the modern county town. And the exceptions which make it necessary to say only "more often than not," usually confirm the principle. Huntingdon goes, but there is Godmanchester across the bridge. Cambridge is not really English, in spite of its appearance; and if it were, there is Grantchester two miles to the south. St. Albans goes, but only for *Verrulam* to be revived, and so forth.

Now, some of the counties are ancient English kingdoms, and some—"the shires"—are the artificial divisions into which the kings of the West Saxons split up for administrative purposes the land conquered from the kingdom of Mercia, or redeemed over again from the Danish invaders. Less than half-a-dozen, with of course all the Welsh ones, are even later than the Conquest. But whatever its origin, whether the county is the ancient kingdom or the artificially-created shire, it is more or less the district which can be conveniently administered from the county town. These county towns are, in fact, the natural centres and the first places that would be settled. So that the result is reached that, before the coming of the English, Britain was a country of towns, small, of course, but with nothing in the way of villages between them of sufficient permanency to leave a name in the way that quite insignificant rivers and brooks have done. A wild, barren country, with a few shepherds or swineherds or cowboys speaking British while the townsmen spoke Latin; a country "where every place is forty miles from everywhere else"—

Australians of the days before the railways, if so be that any are left, will know what that means. Through this desert country from the towns in the midland plain to the sea ran our road straight away in its businesslike manner; but what was the object of it? It was not a military road, built after the Roman pattern and duly marked in our map of *Britannia Antiqua*. It passed through no towns, and there were no villages to pass through. It could be only one thing, and that is a trade route between the towns of the midland plain and the sea. It ends somewhere among the estuaries of the coast, crossing the Roman roads from Colchester northwards. Those are the estuaries where the big square box which is called a barge is loaded with hay, and waits fine weather to slip round to London; in short, the sort of place that any un-navigable craft can sail from. But if it was a trade route, it points to a trade or which history is absolutely silent. Up the Rhine and over the mountains it would go, as it did again later on in the Middle Ages, in the times when Chaucer's merchant "wolde the sea were kept for anything Betwixte Mid-delburgh and Orewelle." In those and yet more recent times it had passengers enough, so that to this day the commonest "coin" to rake up in a Suffolk field is the token of a Nuremberg trader—so very old a complaint is, "Made in Germany." Or it might go up the Meuse and down the Rhone, and so keep always on Celtic ground. But this early trade is in a way a puzzle. Not because there is no mention of it in history. History seldom mentions such things, and says very little indeed about Hans Krawinkel and his other Nuremberg friends. In fact, we should never have known of the amount of business they did in England if it were not for the tokens with their name and city upon them. The trouble is the existence of Arlovistus and Hermann and that sort of people, who were distinctly bad for trade just at the period when the ancient road should have been in full operation. Perhaps it is older than even they. Anyhow, the road went

out of use at the coming of the English into Britain. The making of England has been told by a greater than the present writer (he rather neglected East Anglia, which presented problems of special difficulty), but this much may be said: The invaders formed their new settlements anywhere, on or off the road, without regard to it, and did not even use it as a boundary mark. Hence it happens that at this day the village whose duty it is to repair the road is often two miles or more off it, and gets no good from it whatever. Consequently, the road is in places repaired no better than it need be, and the townsman cyclist coming on a bad mile or two, reviles the county council, which is really trying its best to bribe the recalcitrant parish into doing the work by means of uneconomical grants in aid. The real fault lies with the "Anglo-Saxon" leader, who would fix his settlement in the wrong place; but he and his are gone to Valhalla, and are beyond the reach of reviling. So the road, which has been more than once a main artery of traffic, but now is getting deserted again except by the brewer's dray (even the farmer when he comes to market comes by train nowadays), leads the inquirer into its origin straight up to a puzzle, just the same as do Stonehenge and all the really very ancient monuments.

Now, this road was chosen because it is such a quiet, common road, with no troublesome history written about it, except, of course, the history of Mr. Pickwick, which does not, like formal history, make any pretence of not being all made up. For a change, consider one that was never busier than to-day. It is said that in time a man gets to the end of everything in this world, even of the Edgware-road. In our day his work is shortened for him, for, once upon a time, one of the ends was at Dover and the other somewhere on the shores of the river Dee. Now, here is another clear instance of the bad shots roads make at towns, which is the main proof of their extreme antiquity. Of course, in the present day, when the city of five million souls has

spread itself over the map in a forest of houses and streets, it is impossible to avoid hitting it somewhere. In comes the road from the country as straight as a ruler down to the Marble Arch, and there stops. To get to the City it is necessary to turn sharp to the left, along one of the arms of a cross-road. But putting things back a bit, it is quite easy to see what the Edgware-road originally made for, and at the same time that it is older than London town. Take the time when London had not spread much beyond its walls, and when on the east there was a brook running down from Marylebone to Westminster, and on the west the Serpentine was a crinkly stream running under the Knight's Bridge down to the Thames, where the Grosvenor Canal is. To this day its old course marks the curved line of the boundary of the parish of St. George's, Hanover-square, and determines the fact whether one is a denizen of Belgravia or not. Sweeping away the houses and parks and iron railings, it is seen that the long, straight road pointed not to Charing Cross, where we measure our cab-fares from, but along the high and dry ground to a ferry over the Thames, somewhere above Westminster. Where exactly the ferry was, it is not now possible to say. No one can tell exactly the shifting channel of a tidal river or reconstruct the original form of the marshes of Lambeth. But there, in the bend of the river, would be a good place for a crossing, and there the road went, and probably kept well to the south between the marshes and the wooded hills until it found its continuation in the Dover-road. Of course, when London was a town, and piles were driven into the bed of the Thames and a bridge laid across them, no one would use a dangerous ferry when an extra mile or so would take them safely over London Bridge. So the old trace of the road is lost, as is also lost the way in which Lundenbury passed from the hands of its Romanized British inhabitants into those of the Teutonic invaders.

But if one were to try to scrape the history off the Edgware Road—which is

really the Watling Street—there would be so much that it would fill volumes, for its whole history is nothing less than the tale of British traffic down to the time when the London and Birmingham Railway—which is now called the North-Western—made another straight streak in the same direction across the map. Therefore it was better to begin with a road down in Suffolk, where everything—even conjectural history—is on a modest scale.

JOHN HAWKWOOD.

From *Leisure Hour*.

CUCKOO: AN ENGLISH IDYLL.

For all his faults, and he stands accused of some criminal offences, the cuckoo, that ne'er do weel of ornithology, is a favorite. Irresponsible parent of city arabs that involve bird communities in heavy liabilities for the maintenance of infant paupers; house-breaker who inveigles respectable birds like the wryneck into aiding and abetting in his raids on the treasure of unprotected homes; villain who is stranger to all chivalrous sentiment as well as to the plain virtues of the good citizen; one whom in sound common sense we should abhor and despise—is the bird above all others who has found the way to our hearts.

It is not too much to say of this gay renegade that souls sigh for his coming when winter's iron rule wearies the northern worlds; that some, exiled, would lay down fame and fortune once more to hear him call across the May flowers in an English lane; that hearts beat high at the sound of his jubilate, and summer, sweet summer, would be shorn of half her hopes if he her herald were struck dumb.

For *Cuculus Canorus* of the house of *Cuculidæ* is the modern representative of Freya and Iduna, at whose coming frost and snow vanished, whose smiles strewed the earth with flowers, whose tears stored the sea with pearls. And right well does he fill the office.

"Cooley!" "Cooley!" we cry to the songs and the sunshine and the flowers of Spring, and if only the answer comes back from the oaks and the elms, or copses of lesser growth and greater shelter, "Cuckoo!" "Cuckoo!" we know that all is well, for they come at his beck and call.

As he sings the young green blades come up among the grasses, buttercups and daisies bestrew the meadows, and a dais of most ancient vair is hung anew over the baby birds that are rocked in the tree tops. Travelling birds come home to sing to us, and all things fair and beautiful fall gently as the dew on the old earth and veil the scars that time and his secrets have graven on her ancient face and form.

There is one story about the cuckoo—it is well known and so should be true—that I never can believe. It is about its winter whereabouts, and comes from some corner of still primitive Sussex. It runs thus. When winter approaches all the cuckoos are given into the care of an old woman, who keeps them through the cold weather. When April the fourteenth comes round, she carries them in her apron to Heathfield Fair, and there lets them fly. Now I hold two strong arguments against the truth of this tale. My first is that the gifts the cuckoo showers broadcast on his first appearance are not to be gathered in any old woman's cottage. Who ever saw there any wealth of flowers greater than one tightly bound posy stuck in a pickle jar? Not that this is to be despised, but it is no voucher for the tons of daffodils that nod at the brookside, and the cartloads of primroses that rejoice the meadows where the cuckoo has passed by. My second, is that I myself have heard his voice in a Middlesex coppice on April the sixth, showing a discrepancy in dates of eight days.

This story is nearly as ridiculous as the Cornish legend, that he flies out of a burning log in spring, but this it is needless to refute, for every one

knows that Cornish stories are more than half legendary. No, the cuckoo must come from some El Dorado where flowers may be had for the picking of them. Perhaps he gathers them on the fertile shores of the Nile, or in some flowery wilderness of Persia, but this is merely a suggestion and not strictly speaking cuckoo lore, that interesting study for much of which I am indebted to Mr. Swainson's book of bird legends.

But the cuckoo is dear not only for his gift of spring, he answers some of the many questions that harry these inquisitive minds of ours. First he tells all the young people when they are going to be married, and then he tells the old ones how long they have to live. Many refrain from asking this latter question, for it is doubtful whether it be wise to ask it. Most of us like to feel that our billet here below is indefinitely long, and were the cuckoo to measure the small dimension which we divide into two long days, called youth and age, by months and years, it might seem so appallingly short as to paralyze our senses. On the other hand, perhaps his verdict would so stir the nobler energies of a man, that his short span should prove an era in the world's history.

Lovers, however, never fear to question all the world over. Maidens in England say:—

Cuckoo, cherry tree,
Good bird, tell me,
How many years shall I be
Before I get married.

In France the *jeunes paysannes* sing:—

Coucou des villes,
Coucou des bois,
Combien ai-je d'années
A me marier?

German Mädchen consult him thus:—

Kukuk, achter de hecken,
Wo lang schall min Brut nock gaen de
blikken?

High-spirited young people in all

lands say if he answers with more than ten calls it is because he sits on a bewitched bough; but the old folk who ask the other question, even the most philosophical, will not admit this at all. They consult him in this wise.

In England:—

Cuckoo, cherry tree,
Come down and tell me,
How many years afore I dee?

In France:—

Coucou
Boloton,¹
Regarde sur ton grand livre,
Combien y a d'années à vivre?

In Switzerland:—

Guggu, ho, ho,
Wie lang leben i no?

It does not matter much though in what tongue you speak to a cuckoo, for he is accustomed to be addressed in almost every language under the sun. Certainly he is familiar with all the European forms of speech, patios included, but whether you talk purest English or broadest Scotch, French, German, Italian, Scandinavian, Swabian, Greek, Polish or Bohemian, he always answers in his own tongue. It is not very polite, but it answers the purpose, and he answers your questions, for cuckoo passes as a *lingua franca* in all civilized regions.

It was all through petty rivalry that the cuckoo's vocabulary came to be composed so entirely of homonyms. It took place in a German *Städtchen* and was just such a tempest in a teapot as gathers in country towns here, there, and everywhere.

"Ein Kukuk sprach mit einem Staar," so runs the tale, and asked her what folk thought of the nightingale.

"The whole town worships her," she said.

"And what of the lark?"

"Half the town is talking of him."

"The blackbird?"

"Some admire his voice."

¹ A boy who robs birds' nests to suck the eggs.

"And how about me?"

"I never heard your name," said the starling.

"Then," said the cuckoo, "I must sing my own praises, Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" and he has said nothing else ever since. When he begins to find it monotonous, as he does about the beginning of June, he changes the tune of his song, that is all.

It is fortunate that the law of Madagascar, whereby all the syllables composing a king's name are proscribed for a year at his demise, and only used on pain of death in his domain, does not prevail among the cuckoos, else were our oracle dumb in *secula seculorum*, for, though it is a fact almost forgotten in these levelling days, the cuckoo comes of a race of kings, though since that rascally hoopoe stole his crown, no outward insignia marks his station.

Was ever such a dastardly trick played on poor mortal bird? It happened thus.

The cuckoo, good-natured, generous fellow that he is, was invited to a wedding where the hoopoe was to give away the bride; and to lend the already overdressed bird yet another fine feather to add to his dignity on so great an occasion, the cuckoo handed him his crown. The hoopoe, not being then so proud as he has since become, accepted the proffered loan; but it was the ruin of him, for he never could make up his mind to return the bauble, and now his crowned head is covered with dishonor. Perhaps this is why the hoopoe flattens himself out on the ground in such an abject way, and throws his head back till the crown is buried in feathers, when he sees a hawk hovering; for some say the cuckoo hunts in the guise of a hawk in winter, and his feelings towards the hoopoe would naturally not be of the most charitable description. Even in the summer, when the cuckoo appears in his own character, the smaller birds scarcely know him from their hereditary foe, and when they see him coming they hurry away and hide them-

selves for fear he should pounce and carry them off.

This strange resemblance is probably one of those curious instances of mimetic coloring which the exigencies of some creatures' lives seem to require and to produce, for in most lands the native cuckoo resembles the smaller of the native hawks, any variety peculiar to the country in the feathering of the hawk being repeated in the color of the cuckoos. Doubtless this makes his winter transformation easier too.

It seems a little hard on the cuckoo, particularly since he poses as an oracle, that every awkward lass and clumsy lad, every loon and natural and simple, should be his namesake. He must have done something very foolish in those distracted times when William the Conqueror came over; perhaps he forgot to crown his stag when, with the other nobles of ancient British and Saxon lineage, he led him up to the Norman invader in proud submission; for ever since that time the expressive though ugly words "gowk," "gawk," "gawky" have been popular terms of reproach.

In the north, where a people more plain-spoken than courteous dwells, the April Fool bears this missive:—

The first and second day of April
Hound the gawk another mil.

And his elegant *en revanche* is this:—

The gawk and the titlene sit on a tree,
Ye're a gawk as well as me.

This use of his name is comprehensible, for the cuckoo was once a "beck-erknecht," and bakers' boys have been mischievous and given to practical jokes always, even since the day when that one who stole the dough which God had blessed for the poor was turned into a cuckoo.

There is no doubt about who it is that teaches children to play hide and seek.

"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" cries the little brown bird noiselessly flittering from

bough to bough, as the children follow him through the wood pursuing their fruitless search. "Cuckoo!" right over head, cuckoo! close at hand, cuckoo! at their very feet, but ever and always this clever play-boy is off to another shelter before they can spy him. And directly the children get home from the woods they throw down their treasures, the bluebells and wind-flowers killed almost with the clasp of hot hands, and are off to play the game the cuckoo has taught them. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! how sweetly their voices ring through the house, Cuckoo! Cuckoo! from the cupboards and all possible nooks and crannies. Is there anything so joyous or so pathetic as the unconscious glee of children at play?

The cuckoo can work, as well as play. He did once build a nest, in a hay field in France, but when he came out to tell the hay-makers what he had done, the wheel of a loaded wagon went over his body, and that is why he flies so heavily. Of course, he gave up building nests after that.

But he has not been idle—indeed, so occupied is he with bringing home the errant spring, and telling fortunes, and showing children his good game, that folk who have never been to France think that is why he is not "seated," though so distinguished an individual.

Others think it is because he is such a wanderer that the cuckoo is houseless, but some other absentees are the owners of the finest homes in all our trees and meadows. The cuckoo is the first of the travellers to go, so let all who are wise in their generation take advantage of his presence while he is at hand, especially when first you hear him call remember, for it is a tide in your affairs. So sit you down upon a green bank, and, taking off your right stocking, invoke him thus by saying:—

May this to me
Now lucky be.

It is quite simple. And if you would know any important matter such as the color of your future spouse's hair or when to sow your corn (though if

you have put this off till the cuckoo comes you will have but a poor harvest), make haste with your questions, for you cannot keep the cuckoo; he is on the wing and only paying a flying visit to his native land, when he rides in on a kite's back in April.

You cannot keep him, though you bind him with links of gold and a string of pearls. Some have tried, seeing how flowers begin to fade and leaves to wither at his going, but they have only succeeded in making themselves a by-word. Fulke Greville wrote in the sixteenth century: "Fools only hedge the cuckoo in."

You cannot keep him, go he must, back to his favorite haunts in Africa, Persia, and all the far-away lands of the sun. It is quite true what they say who know all about him:—

In June, he changes his tune;
In July, away he doth fly.

When the sun shines through a shower of rain—the thing of all others that makes some birds sing their best—the we'ans in Scotland say:—

The fairies are baking,
The rain waters the bannocks.

And little Germans sing:—

The Devil is beating his grandmother;
His laugh and her tears are falling.

But the child angels in England fold their little hands and whisper:—

A cuckoo is going to heaven.

F. A. FULCHER.

From The Westminster Review.
ANGLO-SAXON MUSIC.

Love for music has always been a remarkable characteristic of Teutonic nations. As Roman historians testify, it cheered the Teuton in battle, it consoled him in defeat, it gladdened his heart in victory. At the shrine or the mead-hall it was ever present, exciting the ardor of priest and of patriot. The

Teuton loved music, and it became his constant companion. So that when the Anglo-Saxons, a Teutonic tribe, migrated to England, they brought with them this passionate love of song. Under the fostering care of religion and patriotism music enjoyed quite as much popularity in Saxon England as on the Continent. Witness the testimonial in its praise from the pen of the Venerable Bede:—

Among all the sciences music is most commendable, courtly, pleasing, mirthful and lovely. It makes a man cheerful, liberal, courteous, glad, amiable; it rouses him in battle, excites him to bear fatigue, comforts him in travail, refreshes him when disturbed, takes away weariness of the head and sorrow, and drives away depraved humors and desponding spirits.

Anglo-Saxon music came from two sources—the clergy and the laity; the former brought in a rough system of notation, and chanted their hymns with some uniformity; the latter practised only in ear and in memory, simply handed down the treasures of tradition. And a like difference is to be noted in their musical instruments, for the former used a species of organ, while the latter employed simpler instruments—such as the harp, lyre, crowth, pipe, tabor, and cymbals. Yet the laity often insisted on bringing these instruments to divine service, especially the crowth, and thus accompanying the organ. Much quarrelling was the natural result, and often a "musical case" was appealed to Rome. Finally, a decision came ex cathedra that the choir should be divided into two parts, and that these parts should sing alternately; moreover, that those who could not sing in tune, or who brought into church an instrument to accompany the organ, should keep silent, or, if not, should be immediately turned out of doors.

The clergy were very active in securing the best musical instructors for their choirs. French and Italians came over, and were heartily welcomed by the Saxons; they received as much care and attention as a travelling English-

man of our time does among Americans. Germany, too, sent her quota of music teachers although the German seems not to have been so popular as the French or Italians. There is a strange story related of a German named Putta, "a simple-minded man in worldly and caurch matters, but especially well skilled in song and music." This German was finally made bishop; but evidently his calling was that of a gleeman; for shortly after consecration his church in Mercia burned down, and he made no effort to rebuild it, but wandered about the country in the character of a strolling minstrel.

In the eighth century the Gregorian system superseded all others in vogue among Anglo-Saxons. It was introduced by the Archbishop of Canterbury. As Dean Hook justly observes:—

Gregory, following the example of Saint Ambrose, introduced into the Western Church the system of chanting which had prevailed in Antioch so early as the year 107, improving what he had imported but venerating a style of music which had probably been inherited from the Jews. Gregory increased the number of the ecclesiastical tones, which somewhat resemble our modern keys, from four to eight. And the Gregorian chants, now harmonized according to the improvements of modern science, remain to the present hour the basis of church music in England.

Strange to relate, Greece had a monopoly of organ-making in those days; for, according to Muratori, the first organ to be introduced into western Europe was one sent to Pepin from Greece in 756. But there were already in sacred use among Anglo-Saxons the horn, trumpet, flute, harp and lyre.

For the laity the crowth, harp and pipe were favorite musical instruments. The tabor was used at Anglo-Saxon entertainments, but it was not so popular as these three. Drums were occasionally used to heighten the effect, but they, also, do not seem to have been in high favor. While the pipe was a favorite instrument among the lower classes, such as bear-dancers and exhibitors of dancing-dogs, the harp, on

the other hand, was the instrument of the nobility; all noble children were taught to play on the harp. Thus the king of Westnesse commands the harp for the education of his son: "Teach him of the harp and of song; teach him to tug o' the harp with his nails sharp." Most famous knights of King Arthur were taught "harping." And we know that Alfred the Great put his knowledge of the harp to other than musical purposes. It is also worth noting that St. Aldhelm and St. Dunstan were renowned as harpers. In fact, a gentleman of Anglo-Saxon days was supposed to be able to play the harp as a matter of course, just as an American or an English girl is supposed to play the piano.

A few specimens of very early Anglo-Saxon music remain; as, for example, the music to the "Praise of Virginity" and to other poems by St. Aldhelm; but we cannot interpret their peculiar notation—it is decidedly imperfect and misleading. F was represented by a red line and C by a yellow line, and singing marks or *neumes* were written between these lines, but the time is quite indefinite. As to harmony, considerable progress must have been made, since the nation used the harp and organ, and this implied some knowledge of concordant sounds.

It is claimed that Anglo-Saxon secular music was plaintive. Doubtless this was the case, for melancholy played a considerable part in their moods. The philosophy of Schopenhauer has a natural basis in the Teutonic nature; and among other rich deposits they possess a strong vein of pessimism. It must have found expression in Saxon music, as it assuredly found expression in Saxon poetry.

Yet the word "gleeman" seems to change that conclusion somewhat, for this name, given to their bards, signifies "joy-man," or one who sung of joys. Doubtless the gleeman's "musical wood" rang through the scale of both joy and sorrow.

The gleeman was in earliest times not only the master-musician, he was the philosopher, historian, prophet and poet

of his age; he could hold civil dignities such as the government of a province or of an important city. But when Christianity was introduced the gleemen were hated by the clergy, and looked upon as rebels. Their duty, later on, was to sing the praise of their patron, to attend him and play whenever required by the courtiers or by himself; so that after a time the gleeman who stood next to the king in dignity became in the end an obsequious dependant, flatterer and parasite. Those who did not like the court, wandered about; these wandering bards were little better than mendicants playing from house to house for a night's lodging.

Often the Saxon gleeman sung the famous genealogy of his patron, the family traditions and connections. After dinner, when there was "song and music together and the wood of joy was touched," he sang these topics to the assembled feasters. The following names applied to the Saxon gleeman will indicate how many rôles he could play: poet, harper, pantomimist, tumbler, saucy jester, ribald player, juggler and mimic. Here is variety enough and to spare. But in all these rôles he was, first of all, a musician.

WILLIAM HENRY SHERAX.

From *The Spectator*.

THE SPEECH OF CHILDREN.

The men of science have begun to attack the cradle. For some time the nursery and the play-room have been subject to their attentions, and now the very citadel of babyhood is to be stormed. First came the folklorists, and laid their sacrilegious hands upon "Puss-in-Boots" and the "Sleeping Beauty," showing that these stories contained we know not what marvelous indications as to the origin of mankind and the universality of particular beliefs. The next positions assaulted by science were the nursery-rhymes and the games such as "Here we go round the Mulberry Bush" and "Oranges and Lemons." Some of the

jingles used by children were shown to have deep political and moral meanings; others, like the counting-out games, were exposed as the remains of dark and deadly incantations. "The Cow that Jumped Over the Moon" is, we believe, asserted to be a piece of gnosticism. "Ten Little Nigger Boys" is a charm probably against the rheumatics. "Hickery Dickery Dock," though it sounds like nonsense, is composed in gipsy language,—a Roman lyric. But these were mere affairs of outposts. Mr. Buckman, in the May number of the *Nineteenth Century*, has had the hardihood to march up to the very edge of the cradle and to allege that when our child's first accents break they are not delicious nonsense, sweet babblings of the tiny human brook, but a highly organized system of infantile Volapuk. Mr. Buckman in all seriousness parades before the reader's astonished eyes the essential words of the baby's vocabulary. "Ma," he tells us, is an urgent cry of attention. So we have ourselves gathered. "Ma," indeed, is so universal a word that even the lambs use it. "The lamb, greatly excited to make itself heard, says 'ma,' while the mother (sheep), not moved by such strong feelings, answers 'ba.'" What the human mother answers when "not moved by such strong feelings" as her infant, we are not told by Mr. Buckman. We believe, however, that when her feelings match those of her offspring she is not unknown to reach to the height of such a phrase as "Drat the child, what does it want now?" But to continue, "Da, dad-da" is the next item in the universal language of babes. It is described as "a cry of recognition now applied to the father." True, but unfortunately the recognition is often very imperfect, and it is not unusual for a total stranger in an omnibus or railway carriage to be addressed over and over and over again as "Da, dad-da,"—the imperfect and embarrassing recognition being enforced by the placing of a much-sucked index finger or a sodden crust on the knee of the stranger, "Ta, tatta," we are told, is

"a sign of recognition now applied to strangers." Here, again, our experience supports Mr. Buckman. The child will often apply it the instant a stranger enters upon an afternoon call, waving a small hand to enforce its dismissal of the intruder.

But we cannot follow Mr. Buckman's vocabulary any further, or inquire how far "ach" or "ah" is or is not, "a general conversational word," or "kah" "a strong sign of displeasure at anything nasty to the taste." Again, "ba-ha" must remain undiscussed, nor can we debate the examples furnished of Isabel's talk at two and a half years old or at three and a half, of Ella's at three or of George's at four or five, except to say that we have not of recent years met any children whose language was so simple and primitive. What surprises one with children of three or four nowadays, is to find a young lady or gentleman who does not talk with an entire plainness of utterance, and employ the syllogism with a complete mastery of its uses. We recall how a small boy of four listened to the talk about a new house, and when he thought that the night nursery had been omitted, struck in with, "I must have a night nursery—the evenings will come to the new house just the same." Every one must have met examples of the logical case often put against going to bed at a slightly different hour, or under slightly different conditions. "Nurse always comes to fetch me to go to bed. Nurse hasn't come to fetch me. I won't go to bed." The baby who assumes this kind of attitude and enforces it in perfectly clear and well-cut sentences, is apparently unknown to Mr. Buckman. Another category of infant speech is as little known to him. He mentions the child's habit of decapitating and decaudating its words—"have" for behave, or "pram" for perambulator—but he says comparatively little about the power shown by children to make what the author of "Alice in Wonderland" so happily calls portmanteau words. A portmanteau word is a word which has another word packed

inside it, or, to put it in another way, two words and two ideas are run together, and a compound, which is also a new word, is produced. For example, a girl of under three was lately told that she was going abroad, and also that she was going to reach foreign parts by going on board ship. A mere grown-up person would have plodded on, using the two phrases side by side. But at two and three-quarters the mind is too alert for these dull ways, and a portmanteau word was soon produced. "When am I going abroadships?" became a half-hourly question. How much more expressive and how much less long than "When am I going abroad on board ship?" Both the new and important ideas of foreign travel and sea-voyage are covered over by that "one narrow word," "abroadships." There is, of course, nothing the least remarkable in such a compound. Every nursery can furnish examples of new words which often display far more euphony and also far better logic than the dreadful words produced by the men of science as labels for their new discoveries in the regions of applied chemistry. The speech of children shows also a wonderful quickness and resource in the matter of supplying the language with direct phrases and forms of speech. While the grown-ups are content to walk round, the child takes a verbal shortcut. Children are very seldom content with such round-about devices as "Had not I better" do this or that. "Bettern't I" is the much more direct and much more expressive form adopted in almost all nurseries. Take, again, the word "whobody" to match with "anybody" and "somebody." When the facetious parent remarks, "Somebody's been walking on this flower-bed," he may, if his offspring is inclined to ingenuities of language, be answered by the interrogation "Whobody?" These portmanteau words and short-cut phrases show that if children could only be induced to keep up the verbal habits prevalent from two to five our language might be indefinitely enriched. Unfortu-

nately after five or six the language of children is apt to become pedantically conventional and correct. The child of ten, indeed, seems often to be training himself for a *fautcuil* in Mr. Stead's proposed academy. He stops what he considers a new or unauthorized word like a suspected person. Every phrase is challenged and inspected, and the parent or uncle who makes a slip in grammar or pronunciation, or steps outside the conventional rut, is pounced upon and corrected with all the primness of a pedagogue. The boy of ten, no doubt, has the command of a certain amount of slang, but it is of a limited and defined kind. A special vocabulary is in use at his school, but outside this vocabulary the schoolboy does not think it good form to travel. The language of children at this stage is, indeed, exceedingly amusing on account of its cast-iron strictness. For months, nay, years, together one word of commendation is considered sufficient for all needs. Ask a boy of ten to describe his chief friend to you,—to tell you, that is, what kind of a boy he is. Almost certainly you will get as your answer, "He's a very decent chap." There is no idea of depreciation. It merely happens that "decent" is the word of the hour for expressing all good things. Asked what he would like his friends to think of him, Jack will reply, "A decent chap, of course, father." In the same way Jack brings you his favorite book and asks, "Don't you think, father, that this is an awfully decent story?—all about fighting sharks under water with those rotten rays or whatever they are, and a boy-pirate who ran off with a torpedo-boat and caught two archbishops; only its sickening rot at the end, all about his being in love with a little fool of a Greek girl, called Hydrant, or Haldee, or something." A new pistol is "a frightfully decent one, don't you think?" because it fires eight peas at once; and the tea at a tea-party was "very decent," because "we were al-

lowed to butter the slices of cake and then had whole-strawberry jam on the top." If the speech of children of ten is restricted in the matter of commendatory adjectives, it is equally restricted in the way of adjectival denunciation. Every one a boy dislikes or does not understand is "quite mad." Of course things in general of a disagreeable kind are always "beastly" or "vile;" and why he should not be allowed to use these epithets where they are clearly applicable passes his comprehension. Obviously the language of the schoolboy is not a flexible instrument. Gestures and low whistles and clicks and winks may stimulate it into a certain vividness and picturesqueness, but *per se* the language of the schoolroom is not half as full of imagination and resource as the language of the nursery. Literary gentlemen on the lookout for new colors for the verbal palette may get some startling effects out of the baby, but from Master Jack they will learn little or nothing. Meantime, we advise the men of science to be careful how they build their theories on the "mas," "bas," and "das" of knee-high infants. We have a strong belief ourselves that baby language is a purely artificial product of the nurses and mothers,—a tradition handed down by them, and not by the babies. If this is so, the nurses and mothers could change it if they would, and nothing is more likely than that they would do so if they saw the prattle of the cradle set forth in printed books. They would never believe that it was all done for science, but would conclude that they and their precious charges were being laughed at by rude men who know nothing about children. Just to prove these rude men wrong they would invent a new vocabulary, and turn the laugh against the books by making them obviously incorrect. The nurses would only have to put their heads together to make "tatta" mean "good morning" everywhere from Chicago to Aberdeen.

